

# COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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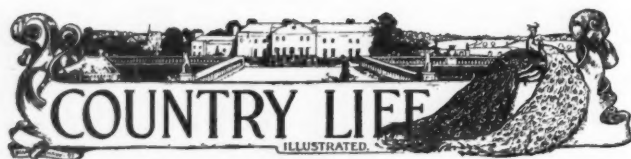
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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## BUCKLAND'S . . . FISH MUSEUM.

MR. HENRY FFENNELL continues with just pertinacity to call attention to the neglect of the Museum of Fish Culture bequeathed to the nation by the late Frank Buckland, and relegated, by some anomaly, to the care of the managers of South Kensington Museum. The report of the select committee on the achievements of these gentlemen in the domain of science and art does not augur favourably for their care of a collection more suited for the charge of the Natural History Museum. But this cannot excuse the lethargy and indifference which for years have not only omitted to make any effort to keep Buckland's little "institution," for such it was as well as a museum, on a level with modern fish culture, but have left the permanent objects bequeathed by him to dirt and decay. When Buckland died, some eighteen years ago, he bequeathed this collection to the nation, mainly to show how the industry of fish-farming might be developed, on lines which he then knew better than anyone else. It has been described as "the best advertisement and propaganda of fish culture" possible at the time it was made. There were hatching tanks, models of fish ladders, and plenty of young fish and ova in process of development, to give reality to the "museum," if we must keep to that name. Besides this, Buckland really wished to show what was meant by the old

saying that an acre of water will produce as much as three acres of land. To do this something more actual than figures was needed. So he very sensibly collected year after year models and casts, painted by himself, of the finest fish which he could procure from our rivers and lakes. No better step could have been taken to convince the English public of the value of our neglected streams and pools. Each cast was labelled in Buckland's own bold hand-writing (labels now covered with dirt and dust), recording the weight and sex of the fish, and in most cases the river, and even the pool, from which it was taken. The size of some of the common brown trout from English rivers must surprise a public which to-day is far more instructed in these matters than when Buckland first woke us up to the value of river fisheries. There is a brown trout of 13½lb. from Britford, near Salisbury, and another of 14lb. from Alresford, near the source of the Itchen. The River Mole contributes a 7lb. eel; and to show what size pond fish can attain to, Buckland cast the bodies of two enormous carp, one from Haarlem Meer, taken when the waters were drained off, and one from Berlin, each of which weighed 27lb. But the most striking of his exhibits were naturally those which illustrated the cause he had most at heart—the protection of the salmon fishery. To show the public what a really first-class salmon was he made casts of the famous 70lb. Tay fish, with others from the Southern rivers, among them a 40lb. female salmon from the Christchurch Avon. These examples were supplemented by others, in numbers sufficient to convince those who saw them that the salmon was a creature worth preserving in all our salmon rivers, and not merely as a product peculiar to Scotland. He then passed, by a natural transition, to instances of the waste and destruction of salmon life, either by obstructions, such as mills and weirs, or by poachers. Casts of salmon smashed by mill wheels, of spawning salmon seized at Billingsgate with wounds made by poachers' gaffs and hooks, models of salmon ladders, and protective gratings as guards for mill-heads and water wheels, are among the most convincing exhibits of the collection. To realise what Buckland's services to the present generation were, one has only to read the accounts of the state of the river fisheries at the beginning of the century.

In 1812 a Devonshire land-owner, who had an estate on the Dart, a friend of Bewick and of other field naturalists of the day, wrote an account of the state of the inland fishery in his time, which could only be equalled now by the records of some Irish salmon river, in a disturbed district on the Dart. All the spent fish were speared, none got back to the sea, and at last a weir was built quite across the river, which prevented any fish ascending at all. The consequence was that in the season after this obstruction was put up all the salmon shed their "pea" on the margins of the tidal river, where at low water it lay for miles, as thick as maize strewn in a pheasant run, and was devoured by all the gulls and rooks of the neighbourhood. The author concluded that nothing short of sentences allowing seven years' transportation as a maximum penalty would protect the fisheries.

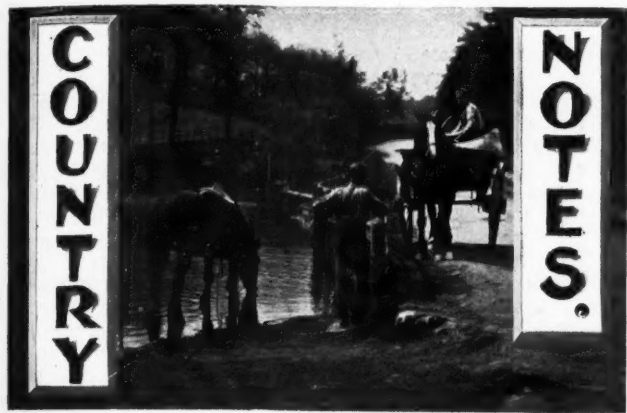
Buckland changed all that. But so much has been done since he died, that it was clearly the duty of those in charge of his collections to make some efforts to keep what was then ahead of the times at least on a level with contemporary improvements. "At the death of its founder," Mr. Ffennell writes, "the museum was in excellent order and by no means obsolete. To use a common expression, it might have been called quite 'up to date.' The casts are still there, but in more or less filthy condition. We hardly think that anyone but Frank Buckland could have gathered so remarkable a collection. He had correspondents all over the world, and his popularity was such that anyone who knew him would exert their utmost energy to secure for him rare specimens for the museum." Buckland left it by will to be controlled by the director and assistant directors of the South Kensington Museum, and to form part of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

There is a confusion here, for the Natural History Museum is part of the British Museum, and under the control of its Trustees, who have no voice whatever in controlling the South Kensington Museum. Consequently the Buckland Fish Museum came under the purview of the select committee appointed to investigate the condition of the latter, who very curtly recommended that the collection be "abolished." The following is the text of this part of the report:—"We recommend that the Museum of Fish Culture should be abolished. Previous recommendations to this effect have been made. The secretary and the director both agree that it should be removed, and it has already been offered to two public bodies, being rejected by both. The fact is that this collection is dangerous, owing to the large amount of alcohol in which the fish are stored; it is obsolete, not having been revised or increased for several years; and it does not carry out its obligations under the testamentary conditions of Professor Buckland's will. It occupies a good deal of space. Opinion being unanimous, we hope that this collection may disappear without delay."

It is quite possible that, as the museum has been allowed to become partly obsolete, it should no longer "occupy a good deal



of space" in its present condition. But the space so occupied would give room for a fine national fish museum, like the aquarium joined to the Zoo at Amsterdam. In this case it would form part of the Natural History Museum, and, like the beautiful Dutch aquarium, should have room both for the living fish and for inanimate specimens, among which Buckland's casts would be included. London has not even a tenth-rate aquarium or fish-hatchery open to the public, for the tanks at the Zoological Gardens are scarcely above the level of a parlour aquarium. It might be made one of the most beautiful and popular of public exhibitions in London. If anyone thinks this view too sanguine, he need only pay a visit to the aquarium of Amsterdam.



THE resolution arrived at by the council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England to prohibit docked foals from being exhibited at the show next year, docked yearlings in 1900, and docked two year olds in 1901, is not pleasant to all persons, and it has, naturally, been severely criticised by many breeders as being inimical to the best interests of the horse-breeding industry, the fortunes of which are at a low enough ebb as it is. As Lord Egerton of Tatton pointed out—and he spoke feelingly, having himself been a sufferer—there is a great likelihood of undocked horses getting their tails over the reins, and, if so, there is a palpable danger to the occupants of the vehicle behind them. The fatal accident to the Countess of Lathom was a result of her pony getting its tail over the reins and overturning the carriage; whilst Lord Egerton stated that when in India he had nearly lost his life from a similar cause. Sir Walter Gilbey, who strongly opposed the resolution, took his stand upon the injury that the proposal would inflict upon the British horse-breeder, explaining that as it is a large proportion of the highest-priced harness horses come from abroad, where docking is the usual practice, and that, therefore, so long as driving men require that the tails of their horses should be shortened, the foreigner will be placed in a position of advantage.

It is not often that an exhibitor is found to be so chivalrous as to disagree with a decision that has given his animal a champion prize, yet this is the case with Mr. Mackenzie Bradley, who won the highest honours in the milking competition at the late Dairy Show with his Jersey Tuddie's Queen. Mr. Bradley's contention is that she obtained her victory solely by reason of the weight of fat in the milk she yielded, and this, in his opinion, should not influence the awards in a milking, though it should do so in a butter, competition. The owner of Tuddie's Queen therefore suggests that (1) the milk of each cow should be tested night and morning to show that it comes up to a "given standard," and if the yield falls beneath that, that the animal be disqualified from further competition; (2) to allow, as at present, so many points for the weight of milk; (3) to allow so many points for days since calving. Mr. Bradley supports his arguments by tables, showing that if his suggestion had been in force at the last three Dairy Shows, the places of the successful prize-winners would have been different, and he contends that this fact would have brought the best milkers, not the butter cows, to the front. Whether the disinterested protest of the owner of Tuddie's Queen will have the effect of producing a change in the conditions applying to milking trials remains to be seen, but, coming from such a source, it is at all events entitled to the most serious consideration.

It is good hearing that the Queen's yacht is to be fitted with non-inflammable wood. For more reasons than one is this good hearing. Anything that can conduce to the safety of a life so infinitely precious to the nation is of value. But the circumstance has a much more widely-reaching significance. It may be taken as proof that the non-inflammable wood—which came over to us with a great blowing of trumpets from America, and was illustrated in this country by an exhibition in the neighbourhood of Ashley Gardens, reminding one not a little of the

competition between Elijah and the priests of Baal—has now been proved a real success. For a long while there was a doubt of it. Despite the satisfactory nature of that illustration, which the Prince of Wales and much smart company witnessed, non-inflammable wood did not make its way. The experimental stage, apparently, had not been passed, and it took the Admiralty, who had the matter in hand for the Government, a mighty long time to make up their mind about it. But now it appears that that great mind is resolved; the exhaustive experiments have been concluded, and the Queen's yacht as well as many parts of many ships are to be fitted with it.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Arnold White, in a letter to the *Morning Post*, that the lesson taught us by the naval battles of the American-Spanish War is that fire, rather than the shattering of heavy shot, is the danger that ships have to fear in a naval engagement. Fire at sea is almost proverbially one of the most terrific experiences that man can know, and Mr. Arnold White may well point to the value of non-inflammable wood both for pleasure yachts and war ships. But it does not need to go to sea to appreciate the value and the security of woodwork on which fire will not catch hold. And of this wood so treated, we can assure all who care for such assurances, of our own knowledge and experiment, that no persuasion, such as holding it in the fire or the candle, will induce it to catch fire or even smoulder. The process of rendering the wood non-inflammable is not absolutely a cheap one, it is true, but of the cost one can take back something by the saving in fire insurance; and it is not to be overlooked that the non-inflammable wood gives an assurance against danger to life from fire such as the highest premiums cannot give.

The most interesting decision at which the committee specially appointed for the arrangement of "test" matches against an Australian visiting team has arrived, is perhaps the raising of the number of these matches from three to five. No doubt the "glorious"—sometimes rather too glorious—uncertainty of cricket can be discounted just in proportion as the number of matches intended to resolve that uncertainty is increased. The matches will be played at Lord's, the Oval, Manchester, Nottingham, and, probably, Leeds—an arrangement that ought to give peculiar satisfaction to the keen cricket-lovers of the North of England, who hitherto have perhaps had some little grounds for complaint that the really representative matches were not played within reasonable reach of a people so devoted to the game of the nation. Another satisfactory point in the present arrangement is that under the new auspices we may be confident that we shall see England with its full strength in the field for these "test" matches, and that care will be taken to avoid their clashing with important county fixtures. We have our national honour to avenge, as a result of the rather disastrous tour of Mr. Stoddart's latest eleven, and it is good to know that the best will be done to retrieve it.

It is not very easy just at this time of year, when cricketers are scattered, to find out the general opinion of the cricketing world, but so far as one can gauge it from the indications picked up here and there, Lord Harris's suggestions about the county cricket qualification are going to be received with favour. No doubt a change is needed. It will, perhaps, be news to many to learn how artificial is the so-called "residence" by which a man qualifies under the present rule. It is as purely a matter of form as the bridegroom's renting of a lodging for his portmanteau in order to have his banns called in the parish where he wishes to be married. This is not at all as it should be. On the other hand, there are manifest objections to Lord Harris's scheme from the point of view of the best ideal. It virtually does away with the birth qualification. There is not the slightest question but that, theoretically, the birth qualification and the residential qualification are the proper, just, and equitable tests. The unfortunate thing is that the case is not one that the theoretically perfect solution applies to. We want something practical. Lord Harris's suggestions are eminently practical, and all that he says is eminently sensible. He is by no means extreme or prejudiced. He would be the first to admit—indeed, does implicitly admit—that the present order is, theoretically, far better than the registration plan that he proposes—registration by the M.C.C., with an interval of twenty-four months between registration for one county and registration of the same player for another county, and then only with the consent of both counties concerned in the change; but the present order works very badly. Lord Harris, therefore, proposes a less good scheme in theory that would almost certainly work better in practice. Still it is very artificial. What we really want is a higher conception of "sport," in its best sense, in the cricket authorities of each county—a higher standard of sporting "taste" in cricket, we might call it. But perhaps that would be to expect men to be something better than they can be—something more than human.

The Worcestershire County Cricket Club is in luck. It is not every county that has an anonymous donor willing to clear a deficit of 300 and odd pounds, and ready to do the same for the next three years. The announcement of this liberality was made on the occasion of the County Cricket Club's meeting when Mr. P. Foley was given a piece of plate in recognition of his labours as the club's secretary. A programme for next season which already, though incomplete, includes matches with several first-class counties, shows a zealous cricketing spirit, and with Mr. Harry Foster as captain—an election that is certain to be popular—we may expect much progress in Worcestershire cricket in the immediate future.

With Mr. Jessop as the newly-elected captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club, we may fairly look forward to a "forward policy" in that quarter also. Mr. Champain has been named as the new captain of the Oxford Eleven, and Mr. Stoddart is spoken of as captain of the Middlesex County Club, in succession to Mr. A. J. Webbe, to whom the county cricket owes so much. The Middlesex meeting was divided in its opinions on Lord Harris's suggestions for the amendment of the county qualification, and it is certain that in several quarters they do not meet with unqualified approval.

The will of the late Mr. I. D. Walker contains one or two clauses which will appeal to old cricketers in general and Harrovians in particular. His large fortune, made as a partner in the famous brewery at Limehouse, he left mainly to his brothers and sisters. But to Mr. A. J. Webbe, his loyal colleague in the field and in all matters concerning the welfare of cricket, he left a legacy of £1,000; to this he added a further sum of £500 to be applied for the furtherance of cricket at Harrow. Considering the interest excited by school games, it is a little curious that legacies for their benefit are not more common. The thought was one quite worthy of the good sense and kindly nature of Mr. I. D. Walker.

Another will, the testament of a very different mind, is also interesting from the kind of pessimism as to the lot of animals expressed in it. Miss Mary Hamerton Strangways, of Firsleigh, Bath, left a fortune of £29,069. Of this she left the greater part to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the Asylum for the Blind, and to another hospital. But she bequeathed to her stud-groom £300 and the use of a cottage, and an annuity of £78 per annum "when he shall become unable to work." But she expressly enjoined that "all her horses, mares, and geldings should be destroyed within fourteen days of her death, in the presence of a veterinary surgeon, that they might not get into bad hands and be ill-treated." The whole document is a form of protest against the conditions of natural death in the animal world, and the sufferings to which both wild and domesticated animals are unfortunately exposed in their decline.

The Coxswainless Fours at Oxford and Cambridge are not made, as the Summer Eights are, the occasion of festivity, nor are they rowed before a great crowd, as the University Boat Race is. Hence comes it that the world at large hears little of them. None the less, the final on Saturday, which ended in the victory of New College, now the great Etonian college of Oxford, over Magdalen, was a great and hard-fought race; and the triumph of the winners at Cambridge, coming after long years of ill-success, was welcome. The fours over, the way is clear for the selection of the Trial Eights, and in a short time the annual excitement of canvassing the chances of the two Universities for the great race at Putney will be upon us. Late November and early December are of vast importance in the academical oarsman's year. Both Universities, judging by recent performances, have first-rate Rugby teams available. Of the Association elevens it is as yet early to form an opinion.

In the final match between Latham and Pettitt, when the former was giving odds of half-fifteen for a bisque, it seemed as if the handicap was very nicely arranged; for though Latham did just win the odd set, he had to work his very hardest to do so, and it was generally thought that finer tennis than the match at this odds produced was never seen. Pettitt's service seemed more telling than when the two men met on level terms for the big stakes which Latham so easily won. Pettitt has no doubt caused some disappointment to his friends in America, but we at least may be grateful to him for the exhibition of tennis for which he gave us the occasion. It should be said that English balls were used in the match wherein Latham conceded the odds named above.

Truly indeed is it written that the angler's joys consist chiefly in the pleasures of hope. After a year of unparalleled drought, when every river in Scotland ran too low for a fish, roughly speaking, to be caught, the favoured few who had rods on such a late river as the Tweed might well hug themselves with the

notion that the rain, at length coming in plenty, would give them some compensation, and good sport after other rivers were closed. But, far from that, up to the moment of writing, Jupiter Pluvius has asserted himself so emphatically that flood has followed flood, and rivers have been as unfishable, though for another reason, as in the time of severest drought. It is enough to make the most "contemplative man" swear. At the moment it does indeed look as if the spate might have a chance of clearing, but the glass is jumping about and the prospect more than usually uncertain.

From some of the remoter parts of North Devon we hear curious, and at first sight rather contradictory, complaints. We hear, in the first place, of a very great increase in the numbers of the rabbits, which are proving rather a pest to the sorely-tried farmers, and this is attributed to the killing down of the vermin, notably stoats and weasels, by those whose interest it is to preserve the game, both the ground game and the winged. But, at the same time, we hear of a no less notable increase in the numbers of the buzzards, which, along with many a pair of ravens, have managed to perpetuate their species on the inaccessible places of the high cliffs west of Hartland Head, at a time when ruthless civilisation has almost made their kind extinct over the greater part of England. At first sight it seems as if this increase of the buzzards did not accord with the view of those who ascribe the increase of the rabbits to the decrease of vermin, for certainly the buzzard would figure as vermin in the black list of the ordinary gamekeeper. But the fact is that many of the proprietors have recognised the beauty of these fine birds and declared them "great taboo" to the keepers' guns, while the destruction of weasels and stoats has proceeded without mercy, and perhaps beyond the bounds of prudence. At the same time we would point out that the present year, with its many months of dry weather, even in these moist western climes, has specially favoured the rabbits, whose numbers would show an immediate decrease if the next summer were to prove wet. It is possible that these accidental, or providential, causes have more to do with the troubles of the farmers at the hands, or teeth, of the rabbits than the action of game preservers in destroying vermin.

The largest moose head on record is in the possession of Mr. W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, Washington. It is the head of an Alaskan moose, and the antlers measure from tip to tip 6ft. 6in. The widest moose antlers in this country were in the possession of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh. They measured 59in. across, or 3in. under 5ft. The Alaskan specimen, 6in. higher than a 6ft. man, is also immensely wide and massive in the "palm" of the horns.

Friday (November 11th) was St. Martin's Day, and the Saint has this year brought us another of his summers, which is in some respects the most beautiful season of the year. Farmers will welcome the mild weather for other besides æsthetic reasons. The winter supply of forage is not over-abundant, and every week that can be got over without trenching upon the stores is so much to the good. Beef is low in price just now, but there may be a reaction against this ere long. Short supplies of roots and bad prices make farmers hesitate about stall-feeding much cattle, and when the grass beasts are done there will be some shortage in the supply. Mutton fetches a fair price, especially for neat small weights of Downs or half-breds. Now is the time for putting the rams with the flock. What cross is most suitable depends entirely on the district. In the Eastern Counties a cross between the Lincoln or Leicester and the Hampshire Down has been found to answer well. Suffolk Downs have come to the front very much of late. The sheep is—it always has been—the farmer's best friend. The Woolsack as an emblem of national stability has been well chosen.

The samples of barley on show at the Brewers' Exhibition are this year of super-excellent quality, showing what a splendid cereal year it has been. A good deal of nonsense is talked sometimes about the use of "substitutes" in brewing. As a matter of fact, the best beer is made of malt and hops, and the use of "substitutes" has been forced upon brewers by their inability to get good barley of the right sort for malting in sufficient quantities. They are prepared to pay well for this, and the show last week indicates that farmers are waking up to the fact.

A large number of prints and drawings of scenes in the life of the sportsman are received at this office from time to time, but few of them are worthy of special mention. Three fishing prints by Mr. Douglas Adams, which we have received from Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol, are of quite exceptional merit both from the artistic and from the sporting point of view. The scenery is of the Highlands, and superb; the sport is the royal sport of salmon fishing; the attitudes of gillie and fisherman are excellent. In a word, Mr. Douglas Adams is a fishing artist who knows his subject and his art.



The gentlemen who are to be entrusted with the future administration of the affairs of the Crystal Palace, appear to be influenced by a desire to foster and encourage sport which is beyond all praise; and there should be every reason for ultimate success attending their efforts if they go the proper way to work. That the Crystal Palace and its magnificent pleasure grounds already contain a sports arena, a cycling track, and a cricket enclosure which are jointly and severally unsurpassed for the purposes of sport, is a fact to which visitors to the great football matches and the horse show—which has in three years become an international reunion—will gladly testify. All the energy in the world, however, will be thrown away unless the

railway companies can for the future arrange an adequate service of trains, and contrive to carry their passengers to the Crystal Palace with some degree of punctuality. Upon the occasion of great gatherings, such as those referred to, visitors have never known how long a journey either way would last, and to this circumstance the reluctance of the better class of holiday-maker to visit the great temple of amusement has been mainly due. The destiny of the Crystal Palace is, in fact, in the hands of the railway companies, and if they can be prevailed upon to do their duty, as the directors promise to do theirs, the glories of the greatest pleasure centre in the world will assuredly be revived.



THE New Forest is one of the very few places in England which never disappoint the visitor. There are parts of it, as there are in every district, which are somewhat tame.

We never admired the actual site of Brockenhurst, for instance, and Lymington, the old forest seaport, is relaxing and not particularly beautiful. But it is the visitor's own fault if he



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

TYPES OF FOREST PONIES.

Copyright.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE COMMONER'S STOCK.

Copyright.

selects the wrong place as a centre; and even if he does, he need only go a mile from his door to find the wildest, the most varied, and the richest of all the Flora and Fauna of the South. From red deer down to the rarest butterflies and moths, there are very few names on the list of English birds, beasts, and insects which some part or other of the forest does not furnish for the naturalist's enjoyment, and he may vary his outdoor interests according to season, from a day with the New Forest Stag-hounds, hunting the deer among the timber of the most ancient woods, and thence "over park, over pale, through bush, through brier," with heath, moor, bog, and river thrown in for his delectation, to the capture of the "Purple Emperor" in the groves of forest oaks. In many thoroughly wild parts of England there is talk of various rare creatures to be found; and no doubt they do exist. But the distances are great and the birds and beasts are few, scattered over a great area. On Exmoor, for instance, all the *feræ naturæ* found in the forest, except the wild fallow deer and the rare butterflies, also dwell. But they are far less numerous than in the New Forest, except the red deer, buzzard, and peregrine falcon. There are black game, for instance, on Exmoor, and badgers and foxes and most of the moorland birds. But the New Forest is so magnificently wooded, in the veins of good land between its wild heaths, the supply of food, air, and water is so abundant, and its preservation by the Crown Foresters is so effective, that one sees more there in a week than in three weeks on Exmoor.

To do so the visitor must have some acquaintance with the forest, and if possible should

know persons among the foresters who can put him in the way of visiting the right spots if he wishes to make acquaintance with the forest foxes, otters, and badgers. As for the birds, except the whereabouts of the one or two carefully-protected buzzards' nests, he can find out their nesting-places for himself, and the search is a most interesting one. The woodcock breed very early, and it is best to let some of the foresters know if it is desired to photograph a nest of young birds. But the woodcock themselves, both old and young, may be seen flying and "tilting" any evening in late spring and summer by the marsh that lies above and below the little bridge at Matley Passage. One may spend days and nights by Denny Bog and Matley Bog, and learn something fresh about Nature every hour. The birds of the marsh and wood issue forth at dusk, so tame, vociferous, and active, that one hardly knows what one may *not* see in the way of birds' habits while they are playing and feeding, until one realises that these birds scarcely see a human being from spring to autumn in the time of evening flight by this great lonely marsh and its encircling and untrodden woods. The snipe, woodcock, plover, night-jars, wood-owls, herons, wild duck, teal, and late-flying moorhens bleat, whistle, squeak, croak, quack, scream, and call, and show themselves in full vigour of flight for business and pleasure until the darkness falls over the bog. In the day these birds need more seeking, but early rising in the morning mists, not the least attractive hour at which to view the forest, soon makes the visitor acquainted with their haunts by day. There the black grouse may be seen "dancing" before their wives, and on the Beaulieu river wildfowl of all kinds, rare or common, encountered in their hours of ease.

The half-wild animals of the forest are a great ornament, and a constant interest. These include not only the ponies, but the donkeys, the cows, and the pigs, all very independent and interesting from their way of life. Forest ducks and chickens also roam afield; but the writer never met them at any great distance from home. Of the four "staple" animals of THE COMMONER'S STOCK, the ponies are the most attractive, the cows far the tamest, the donkeys the hardiest, and the pigs the most independent. Something has happened to the forest pigs. They are no longer in evidence as they were—not one is to be seen where formerly there were hundreds. Cobbett declares he saw a thousand on his ride from Lyndhurst to Beaulieu; now



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## FORESTERS' DONKEYS.

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he would not see ten. But these are the aristocrats and chivalry of the race of pigs; clean, active, and very select in their company and behaviour. They live in autumn and winter on acorns, roots, snails, and beech mast. In summer one sees them in the marshes and by the sides of the bogs eating grass just like cattle, except that the grass is bitten off sideways in the jaws. But modern taste in sty-fed pork has caused the disappearance of the New Forest pig, as it has that of the half-wild pigs of Sherwood Forest. These were so accustomed to their autumn holiday in the forest that they used to break out of their styes and go off there on their own account, after the forest was partly enclosed. As their owners wished to fatten them at home they crossed these forest pigs with Neapolitan pigs, the laziest of the race, and so procured a non-migratory and sty-fattening, but quite uninteresting, beast. Ponies, on the other hand, greatly increase. There is an ever-growing demand for them elsewhere. TYPES OF FOREST PONIES may be seen gathered in the glades or "lawns," as they are called; they are of all colours, but vary little in size. They have plenty of thorough-bred in them, and as the New Forest Pony Association keeps a vigilant eye on the pony sires which run in the forest, the purity of the breed is well maintained. The ponies in the picture are a group of brood mares. Some of these have run wild in the forest for twenty years, and have never had even a halter on. The scene is a beautiful cameo of the summer aspect of one of the "lawns" on the edge of an ancient natural wood. This large timber grows only on the good soil, and on it also grows the best grass for the ponies. In great droughts, like that of the present autumn, the

forest ponies suffer less than others. The forcing heats of summer cause a luxuriant growth round all the bogs, mosses, and streams, and there the ponies browse all day, after walking in the water and feeding on the bank.

BRINGING IN A FOREST PONY shows one of the mares "taken up" by her owner and brought to the stable on the forest edge. The stable and barn are both built of the "cob" or mud walling which most of the early squatters' cottages were made of. Now it is only used for farm buildings, as the commoners' new houses are often quite well-to-do homesteads.

FORESTERS' DONKEYS are now very common near all the villages and squatters' houses. The scanty fare on which they live does not increase their size; they are, in fact, a very diminutive race of "Neddy." But there is something in the forest air which gives them greater vivacity than their race have elsewhere in England. While the ponies are ridden and



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## BRINGING IN A FOREST PONY.

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driven by the men, the donkeys, as in the days of old England, are the special property of the women. They drive into Beaulieu, Lyndhurst, and Brockenhurst in their little donkey-carts and do their shopping. Though apparently so stolid, the donkeys cannot endure the attacks of the New Forest fly, and make more fuss over the presence of one than do the ponies. The writer saw a donkey with a cart-load of groceries purchased before Whit-

Sunday and the following Bank Holiday "bolt" in the street of Beaulieu and rush up the hill, in sheer terror, because a forest fly was in his ear. The forest is really too wet for donkeys. They need dry, sandy soil and a hot climate to flourish in any measure when running half-wild. On hot days in the forest one may see the donkeys coming down and rolling in the roads, thoroughly enjoying the hot dust-bath.

## "A BLOT UPON THE STREAM."

**A** BARGE! a barge upon the river! The word is simple enough, yet has it diverse significations for diverse minds. The historian hugs it, as it suggests to him picturesque touches with which to brighten the tedious pages of fact. We are told, for the hundredth time, that "the barges he"—Cleopatra. of course—

"Sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burned on the water: the poop was eaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars  
were silver"—

all of which we may believe or not, as we please, and accept the mermaid helmswoman and silken tackle adjuncts as proper embellishments, if so our fancy dictates.

Next we are bidden look upon the royal barge of our own Kings and Queens; gay with paint, rustling with banner and flag, soft with dainty cushions, and spread with velvets and brocades—a barge for princely beauty resplendent in satin and jewels, a barge proudly oared by lusty retainers clad in scarlet and gold, with the Standard of England floating over all. A gallant sight, doubtless. Then we must not forget the State Barge, wherein the Lord Mayor, followed by the various "Companies," each in its own boat, used to fare to Westminster, to take the oath with due solemnity. So far the historian may travel. But the poet's eye rests dreamfully upon the vessel, "palled all its length in blackest samite," bearing the lily-maid "beyond the poplar, and far up the flood," to its anchorage beneath "the palace of the King"—where Lancelot leant upon the window-ledge, and watched the queenly diamonds part the stream:

"While right across  
Where these had fallen, slowly passed  
the barge  
Whereon the lily-maid  
of Astolat  
Lay smiling, like a  
star in blackest  
night."

And to how many does not the word bring back the vision of youth's enchanted hours, when they gathered in the mellowing light of late October days to watch the Trial Eights set forth from the University Barge, or when, in May, they ran up their flags and awnings, and decorated for the fair girls who were to witness college prowess with the oars, on those fateful afternoons which might see the smiles of New or Magdalen, the manly tears of Balliol or of Christ Church. And down to sylvan Henley, with stately slothfulness, in keeping with the warmth of indolent July, the Dark Blues have brought a barge or two from this or that college of deep enthusiasm, for the benefit of the devotees

who swarm in scarlet and in purple, and in other dyes, to welcome the Etonian blue, to hold converse with old oarsmen of renown, and cheer the winners, be they who they may, when the invisible line is passed and the coveted cup is theirs.

So far, good. There is another side to the picture. Do but mention a barge to the gentle metropolitan rowing-man, observantly note his expression, and refrain from remembering his ill-considered eloquence. To him, alack-a-day! a barge is a thing which creates a swell, whereon the sculler rocks, more or less impotently, until it beats itself out upon the shore; a barge is a floating mass which throws racing-boats out of line just as everything is ready for the start; it is a deadly obstruction which swamps an eight at the moment chosen for its final spurt, and robs A. of a certain victory in the sculling handicap; it is the useless hulk which puts to rout the finest four that ever entered for a club race, and before it the combined efforts of coach, oarsmen, and boat-builder are as chaff before the wind; a barge, in short, is "a Blot upon the Stream."

And bargee nonchalantly gazes at the red-cheeked lad clutching at his sculls, at the irate stroke, or peppery cox.; he goes his way, placidly smoking his pipe, and perchance smiling inwardly; he looks to his helm and his sails, and, if need be, valiantly attacks a tremendous oar, and so onwards up the river, or downwards, as it happens; always complacent, generally silent, most frequently indifferent—exasperatingly indifferent.

Now the captain of a steamer may be human; he may wait rather longer than he should to let the Wingfield Scullers go by

him off Putney Pier; he has been known to follow in their wake with every show of sympathy for the feelings of intelligent persons on board, and make but a short stay at Hammer-smith; it is on record that he has even come into undue proximity with the favoured vessel which carries the friends of the combating parties, and drawn forth their indignant protests. All this proves he is occasionally human. Nay, let it be granted that he has before now altered his course, or slowed down, to favour the passage of panting racers, as every metropolitan oarsman will own.

But the bargee! He has not the feeling of an owl for a mouse! He reckons not of eights or fours; he monopolises the best course the law allows; he is deaf to advice and to entreaty; he smokes, and is—usually—dumb; exactly like Elaine's waterman, and his decks are generally as black as hers.



E. L. D. Adams.

LOW WATER.

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W. L. F. Wastell.

THE SILENT HIGHWAY.

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The man who wants the vote of a metropolitan oarsman should promise to support a Bill for the Suppression of the London Barge.

Yet, for the less strenuous passenger by the tow-path, this barge has a strong attraction. To the bargee he is as indifferent as is the bargee to the oarsman; but for the vessel he can find admiration as she advances in undeviating majesty, with tan-coloured sails spread to the wind. Her masts and poles are painted in green and scarlet and gold, and in picturesque confusion lie heaps of ropes and tackle on her decks. Sometimes the load is heavy, and the vivid line of the gunwale rests upon the rippled surface, which a blue sky and glorious sunshine invest with transient brilliance. There is an aristocracy among these vessels, and such have polished speckless decks that would not disgrace a man-of-war; their masts shine resplendent with rings of fresh paint; their sails know not rent or darn; their masters are little kings, and their men are nobles among their kind.

The wharf at Putney is an animated sight when unloading is going on. A row of carts with horses attached is drawn up alongside the barge and the freight is transferred. At high tide the animals are often standing up to the chest in water. In summer this may not be unpleasant, but in mid-winter it is another story, and the onlooker wonders that the S.P.C.A. has nothing to say to it. The business of unloading occupies a considerable time, and barges frequently lie some days at the wharf. They may be high and, for the moment, dry upon the muddy banks, or they may be anchored out in the stream. In the latter case they present a very picturesque appearance, with sails furled and piled on deck, and numerous small boats attached—a flotilla in brown and scarlet within the shadow of Putney Bridge.

For it is in Putney Reach that the London barge is pre eminent. Lower down she scarcely holds her own among the crowd of vessels, warlike or commercial; in the press of men-of-war, of great coalers, of dredges, of hulks of all descriptions, of steamers big and little, of small boats, and so forth, she is of no great account. Higher up she is surrounded by pleasure craft—the fragile racing skiff, the taut vessels with sails of white or scarlet, the punt and canoe, the picnic boats, the launch and house-boat; here the lady of commerce hangs her head and goes bedraggled, followed by light laughter and the mocks of boys and girls. The sunny, dancing, narrow stream is theirs. But between Putney and Hammersmith, for the greater part of the day, she steps bravely, as a queen that has come into her own. No longer single file, she may appear with others like unto herself—a noble fleet, with small row-boats in its rear, not infrequently assisted in progression by a humble tug or two. Now the London barge may go as swiftly as she will; the tide is strong beneath her, the deep water spreads broadly on either side.

As evening comes on the clubs turn out their oarsmen, whose craft she sends rocking to right and left of her, and smiles at their puny wrath. This wide, lively expanse she claims as hers. So, if you would see her at her best, transfigured,

indeed, choose a misty November afternoon, and station yourself by the bridge over Beverley Brook. You gaze upon a stretch of water unequalled in the loveliest reaches of the Thames. To those whose pleasure in a river lies mainly in the beauty lent by flowery banks, by green meadows, golden downs, mossy turf, or the glory of hanging woods and tangled eyots, there is nothing of charm in the sight.

But to those who revel in water for its own sake—for the spring and flow of it, for the play of light and shadow on its bosom, for its mysteries of depth and silence; for its fury of surf, its shimmer of repose, the surge of its onward flow, the lingering fall of its ebbing tide; for the silvery mists that wreath it round, so that it seems to lie against the heavens, as a bride upon her lover's breast; for the green and purple shadows of the setting sun, the yellows of the rolling fog—to those there is always fascination in Barn Elms Bay.

Come, then, this November afternoon. The great bay is full, the water ripples among the willows lining the tow-path, the towering trees of Ranelagh lie still in the heavy air. Far off, the mist shuts out Hammersmith from view, and deepens slowly into golden fog. All is supernaturally quiet; the only sound, the gentle lapping of the river where the tow-path makes those beautiful curves that envious stonework

is shortly to straighten into common-place. Now, through the fog comes a vague, silent apparition, black as night—a speck of cloud parting the horizon. It grows and grows; it is an enchanted vessel! moving, one knows not how; wending, one knows not whence—out from the shadows. Slowly on she glides across the great dark water, and, as she nears, the fog lifts.

Veiled in white mist, she passes down between the embankments on either side. The last rays of the setting sun shine on the boat, touching for a moment her sails and painted sides, and revealing the slow swinging of the bargee who toils at the giant oar. Then the mists close in, and fondly embrace and hide her from view. Lights spring out on the gathering darkness from the embankment lamps, and you may turn and follow in the wake of her. There she is; they are furling her sails. Now she lies beyond the pier; her masts are laid to rest, her lights burn crimson.

Surely no  
"Blot upon the  
Stream."



E. L. D. Adams. LYING AT ANCHOR.

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IN MID-STREAM AT PUTNEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## Our Portrait Illustration.

LADY KATHARINE MARY SCOTT, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is the elder daughter of the sixth Duke of Buccleugh and eighth Duke of Queensberry. The peerage has been in the family since 1606, when Sir Walter Scott, "a powerful chieftain and a military commander of renown in the Netherlands under the Prince of Orange," was created Baron Scott of Buccleugh. Lady Katharine Scott's mother, the Duchess of Buccleugh, is a daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn.





IN 1872 I was transferred to Dinajpur, a district which at one time had a great reputation for affording good pig-sticking and tiger shooting, and also had, and has, the character of being one of the most malarious stations in Bengal. When I went there the wild pig had been almost exterminated, and there was no pig-sticking to be got, but there were tigers obtainable, though the spread of cultivation and the introduction of firearms had lessened their numbers, and they were not nearly so numerous as they used to be. One distinction the Dinajpur tigers had in my day, and that was the number of them that became man-eaters. In my old district, Maldah, I never heard of a man-eater, whereas in Dinajpur one at least, the Prannagar man-eater, had an evil reputation beyond the confines of the district. In regard to this, my own theory is that man-eating tigers, if not killed at once, breed cubs that, being early initiated into eating human flesh, and taught what an easy prey man is, are brought up to be man-eaters; and I believe that the pair of tigers at Prannagar were in this way responsible for all the destruction of human life that occurred. I had often heard of the Prannagar man-eater, and how it had for years defied all attempts made to destroy it; on being posted to Dinajpur, therefore, I of course determined, if possible, to rid the district of this pest. About twenty miles north of the civil station was an old dāk bungalow, then used as a Public Works rest house, and north of that was a considerable stretch of tree and bush forest, with occasional patches of grass. The high road passed for some two or three miles through this jungle, and for a considerable distance a stream ran more or less alongside it. About a mile or so from the bungalow above mentioned, the stream, after touching the road, took a sweep round, and then crossed the road at right angles a few yards from the bungalow. In the elbow formed by the curve of the stream was the principal lair of the man-eater, and its main hunting ground was up and down the high road which crossed the jungle. People seldom ventured through the jungle except in parties of a dozen or so, and at night, of course, nobody attempted the journey. A Government reward, I may add, had been set on the tiger's head, and the attempts made to kill it had only apparently increased its daring, as well as developed its cunning. I had at the time a very sporting joint magt under me, and we agreed, as soon as the hot weather was well in, to have a try for the man-eater. Accordingly, the 9th of May found W— and myself at the Prannagar bungalow, with some eight or ten elephants. We went out after early breakfast, looking in all directions for the tiger, but without success, and returned about midday, hot and tired, to be met with the news that during our absence one of our cart bullocks had been killed, but not carried away; and there it was lying near the bank of the stream, which, as I have said, here crossed the road. From the boldness of the attack the kill was supposed to be the work of the man-eater. There was a boundary pillar close to the dead bullock, and we resolved at sundown to sit behind it and have a shot at the tiger when it returned for its prey; meantime, we had our breakfast, and in the afternoon were dressing, after having had our bath, when there was a cry of "Bagh, Bagh," and next minute W—

and I were out in our shirt sleeves, pushing cartridges into our rifles as we ran towards the tiger that was walking off with the dead bullock. The carcase of the bullock was between us and the tiger, so that we had only the top of its head to fire at, and our two hasty shots at it as it was entering the jungle missed the mark, the tiger dropping its prey and departing with a grunt. Next morning we ascertained that the dead bullock was not only gone, but it had been dragged away in the direction of the man-eater's lair, so we felt sure it was the tiger we wanted that we were after. The custom hitherto had been to beat for the tiger in line, the howdahs accompanying the beaters, or keeping near them; but from this method I determined now to deviate. The progress of elephants through the trees and thorny jungle was necessarily slow; at the same time there was not much undergrowth to retard a tiger's progress. It seemed to me therefore probable that the tiger had always departed at the first sound of the elephants, and so had never been sighted, and that the only plan was to get well ahead, and lie in wait. As W— truly pointed out, the jungle was wide, and it was not easy to say exactly what path the tiger would follow; however, I determined

to act on my idea, and let W— go with the line. The plan was for the elephants to go up the road to a point above where the stream took a curve round, and beat towards the bungalow; the beat would thus include the man-eater's principal lair. W— having departed with the elephants, I had to select a likely tree to shoot from, for it was no use my remaining on the howdah elephant, where I could be easily seen. I set my affections on a pollarded tree on the roadside, the bushy top of which was about 10 ft. from the ground, but my mahout said the tiger always followed the bed of the stream, so I eventually got into a tree commanding the stream, sending the elephant a short distance away. The elephants had hardly come within hearing, when I saw a fine tiger slouching along, and making straight for the pol-



A BENGAL STATION.

larded tree where I ought to have been. It was a long shot from where I was, but I fired and missed, the bullet cutting up the dust in the road just in front of the animal. The tiger gave a start at hearing the shot and the ping of the bullet past its nose, and rushed back into the jungle, where it broke through the line, as I learnt when the elephants emerged. I sent them back at once to beat out the jungle again, and moved myself into the pollarded tree, feeling sure of a shot. Again, long before the beating line approached, the tiger came to the edge of the jungle opposite where I was, and looked slowly up and down the road, but instead of coming on withdrew and was lost to view. The cunning beast was evidently flustered by danger in front, for a short time after a pad elephant came, the mahout telling me to join W—, as the tiger was dodging backwards and forwards in front of the line. I got into my howdah at once and hurried up the road, and had just reached the spot where the stream touched the road and curved away from it, when I heard W— fire and the tiger answer to the shot just beyond where I was standing, and presently I saw the animal creeping stealthily along under the steep bank on the opposite side of the stream, concealed from W—, who was wondering where the beast was gone. It was

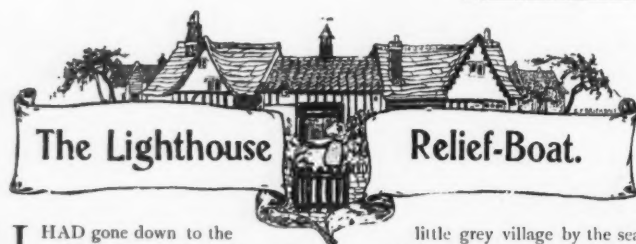
the tiger's last attempt to escape, for it afforded me an easy shot, and was then and there killed. W—— told me that the tiger had latterly behaved in a curious nonplussed sort of way, being apparently afraid to go backwards or forwards. The change in tactics, and that shot ahead when it was loafing along thinking itself safe, had evidently thrown the beast off its balance. It is needless to say that there were great rejoicings over the dead body of the man-eater, which proved to be a very handsome male in perfect condition; by the evening half the inhabitants of the surrounding villages were assembled to triumph over their fallen foe. After the death of this tiger no more men were killed, but word was soon sent me that the villagers lived in dread of their lives, as the pair to the dead tiger was to be heard continually calling for her lost mate. It was clear then that we could not consider our job complete until the tigress too had been killed. The 24th of May being a holiday, W—— and I rode out to the Prannagar rest house the evening before, having sent our elephants and baggage on ahead. Early next morning W—— rode up the road to see if he could get any news of the tigress, and learnt that it had been heard just at daybreak calling on the banks of the stream a good way up, where it runs a short way from but parallel to the road. The jungle just there was not very wide, so we arranged to start the beat some way higher up, and beat down stream. W—— elected to go with the line, but I determined to try a tree again, and was accordingly left in one which I selected on the bank of the stream, the rest of the party going further up to beat down to me. I had not been left alone long before I discovered to my horror that the tree was full of large red ants, insects of an aggressive character, that bite most viciously. Alas, they also quickly discovered me, and I was soon hopping from branch to branch trying to get out of their way. At length I was lucky enough to find a broken stump of a branch which led nowhere, and was consequently not a thoroughfare for the ants, where I was safe from molestation. Here I sat with everything around me perfectly quiet in the hot sun, the silence only broken by the chirp of a bird or the drowsy hum of an insect. There was a path under the tree which led from a few huts a short distance off across the stream to the high road, and along this path I presently saw a pariah dog come trotting. When it reached the water it stopped to drink, and then suddenly raising its head, it gave a short bark, and ran off as hard as it could go. The dog had evidently seen something, though, peer as I would into the jungle, I could see nothing. When at length the elephants beat up to me, without anything having passed me, I



PADDING A TIGER.

told W—— to go back and beat the jungle out again, as I was sure the tigress must have escaped them somehow. Away back they all went, and I was left to my own reflections for another half-hour or so, afraid to move lest I should attract the attention of those aggressive red ants. It was a long and hot wait, but my patience was rewarded, for while yet the sound of the approaching elephants was faint and distant, I had the pleasure of seeing the animal I was after coming straight for my tree, moving easily along without making a sound. As she passed almost under me I knocked her over dead, a beautifully-marked tigress in very good condition. This was the pair of tigers that had done all the damage, for no more people were carried off, until a year afterwards, a young tiger, evidently one of their cubs, began the same little game. The condition of these two tigers, probably both of them confirmed man-eaters, rather militates against the common belief that such animals are always mangy and ill-conditioned; and it is also certain that no physical imperfection impelled them to take to such an evil course of life. Their death, it is needless to say, afforded general satisfaction; and it was a comfort to travellers to know that they might pass through the dreaded Prannagar jungle without fear of molestation. The relief, as I have said, was only temporary, as the old pair left progeny capable of following in their footsteps; however, it was recognised that to compass the destruction of two such pests within one month was a rather creditable performance on the part of

A SLEEPY FLY.



I HAD gone down to the little grey village by the sea with only one intention. I wanted to forget the myriad trifles one has to keep in mind when one is in London, and to go afloat with real men, who would talk of things in which it was worth while to be interested. Naturally, therefore, the weather turned rough, and the herring had the bay to themselves, while the men took exercise on the quay. Four paces north, a sudden turn, four paces south, and then another turn, made up the monotonous round, and at last I was almost in the mind to come back to London and once more concern myself with politics. I should probably have done so had it not been so pleasant to sleep within sound of the sea.

I was sleeping one morning when Billy came to rouse me. He is a giant of a fellow, ineffably lazy when he is ashore, but capable of appalling exertions when once he has salt water under him. "Up with 'ee!" he cried. "Up with 'ee! There's a chance for 'ee to go upon the water, if you do mind to. The boat is going over to the lighthouse in half-an-hour. I've got a pasty for 'ee, so all you've got to do is to put on your clothes, and get what breakfast you can find time for. In half-an-hour, mind."

I was up before he had finished speaking. "Get some beer for the boatmen," I said, and then, half-an-hour later, when I got down to the pier, I beheld Billy coming along the back of the harbour with a mysterious bundle under his arm. There are a large number of teetotallers in the village, and they are unduly given to thinking that all the world should believe as they do. Billy was glad enough to get the beer, but he did not dare to carry the two-gallon jar to the boat until he had carefully wrapped it in an old coat.

We stood on the pier hard by a little schooner, into which there was being emptied from an interminable procession of carts a cargo of stone for the mending of roads in Wales. The noise was irritating to the last degree, but the mails were late that morning, and we had to wait. Billy's half-hour had been long spent when the expected letters came, and we got into the boat. The wind made the sails useless. Billy and three others rowed, and an aged man stood at the helm. I sat and made friends with the unhappy person who had had his month ashore, and was now going back to the island for a term of two months. It would be difficult to exaggerate his state of depression. "We don't die," he said; "we simply rust out." But then I bethought me of my flask, and Billy happened to explain at the same moment that I had come from London, and was more or less remotely connected with literature. The unhappy man became animated. He discussed all the magazines, and he asked questions that were disconcerting in the extreme. But I was quite content to appear a little ignorant, for I was getting to understand what books are like to the man whose work in life is to spend somewhere over two-thirds of his time upon an island, with only one companion.

When you are on an island you realise that the gods give men books, not merely for light amusement, but in order that they may enlarge their outlook, and get hold of fresh subjects for thought. You read your magazine from the first page to the last, and you read it very slowly. You do so with an absolute remembrance of all that you have read for the past month or two, and you do not accept the new information until you have compared it with the old. Any apparent contradiction afflicts you mightily, for you try hard to explain it away, and when you find that this is impossible, you are almost minded to go to the telephone, and demand explanations from the happy dwellers on the mainland. There are probably very few people on the mainland who would know what you were talking about, for they live in such an abundance of literature that they have no need to remember to-morrow the thing that they read to-day.

We had been rowing in the teeth of the wind. Now we changed our course and went along the western shore of the bay, and the oarsmen had the help of an insignificant sail. The exile and I still talked, and at last I made a promise. "I shall send you some papers," I said. "They only make a litter in my rooms, and I should like to think that they were of some use."



"Is that a real promise?" he asked.  
 "Of course," I said.  
 "I might have known," he said. "But so many have promised, one time and another, and so many have gone away and forgotten. I shall expect them from you."

We drew near the island, and got instructions from its two occupants as to the landing we were to choose. The waves came hugely inside the reef, and the boat was in no small danger of smashing her sides against the rocks. But the exile landed and I followed, and for a little while I wandered about the island. In a sort of way I saw the lighthouse, but I imagine that no one does that well who goes over in the relief-boat. There was a man there who had just gone through his two months of exile. He had to return to it again in a month, and every moment of delay was so much taken from his time of freedom. I had longed to visit that particular island for a good deal over twenty years, and there had always been something to prevent my doing so. Now that I had arrived there I could not find it in me to cause delay. I was immensely interested, but the boatmen had hardly turned out their stores when I returned, and was ready to go aboard.

The man we had relieved settled down in his seat and stared at the harbour. Both sails went up, and the boatmen consumed the beer. Then the lighthouse man turned to me. "I'm told that you are a writer for the papers?"

He kept his eyes on the shore, but he talked just exactly as his mate had done, and exhibited the same pleasure when I spoke of sending over some newspapers and magazines. I saw his children greet him on the beach, where he stepped out in the shallows and ran to meet them. Since then I have found myself buying all sorts of papers that do not interest me at all, and I get the friendliest of letters from the island.

KINGSTON RHODES.

## MR. R. VICARY, M.F.H., and his FOX-TERRIERS.

A VISIT to such a kennel as the one which was founded by Mr. Robert Vicary considerably more than a quarter of a century ago, and from which more successful Fox-terriers of the show type have been sent out than from any other, is in itself a privilege. But to listen to the experiences of this world-renowned breeder, dating from the earliest days of the fancy, is an even greater treat, and sincere indeed was the regret of the writer that time was too short to see all the inmates of the Churchills kennels, the number being so large that not one-half can be kept in the compact model establishment close to Mr. Vicary's beautifully-situated house. Part of the programme was a visit to the kennels of the South Devon Foxhounds, of which Mr. Vicary is, for the second season, joint Master with Mr. W. M. G. Singer. This necessitated a four-mile drive to Pulsford, near Denbury, in the very heart of the country, behind a blood horse from the Churchills stable. Denbury is a typical moorland village, near which the kennels are situated. Here a survival of the village's more flourishing days is seen in the fine green, the venue of one of the South Devon's best meets, respecting which Mr. Vicary had many good stories to relate.

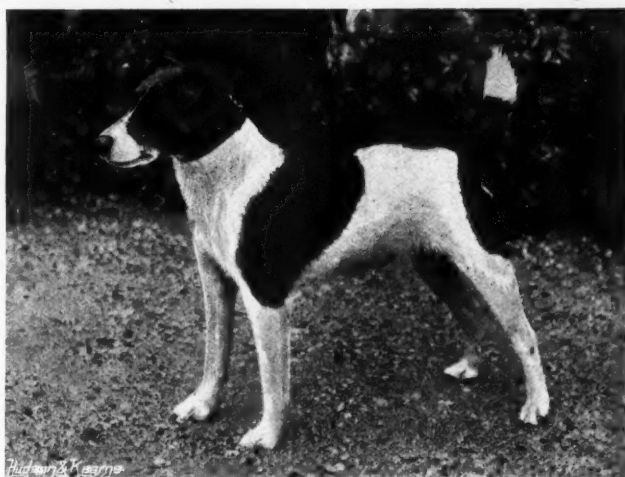
In great contrast to the ruinous state of the village, the



T. Fall,

MRS. VICARY AND VESUVIENNE.

Baker Street.

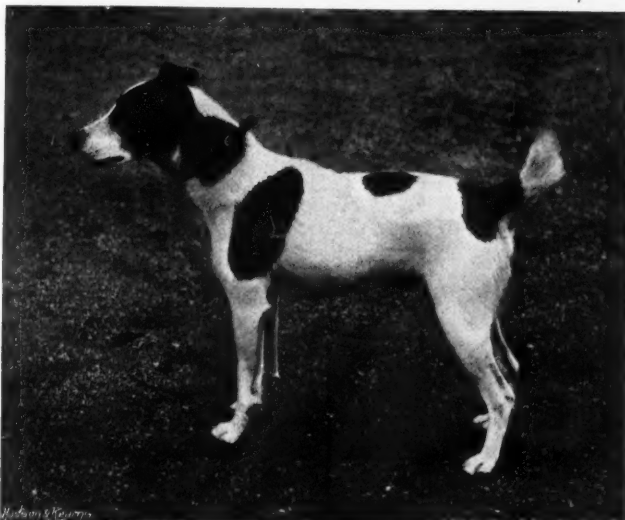


T. Fall,

VISTO.

Eater Street.

appearance of the kennels showed that in hunting, at all events, South Devon is maintaining, if not actually improving, its position. The stabling was in course of enlargement, a gang of workmen



T. Fall,

VALUATOR.

Faker Street.

being busy putting matters right for the beginning of the season; whilst Collings and his kennel hands had everything "ship-shape and beautiful." With the rain coming down in torrents and time very short, there was not much opportunity of closely examining either the old hounds or the young entry, but it was interesting to know that cubbing had been started the morning before and the youngsters blooded. And what a handsome lot they are to be sure! Lusty in appearance, strong and clean in limb, possessing plenty of bone, and carrying the imprint of aristocratic birth, as surely did the terriers we had seen but an hour or two previously at Churchills. Mr. Vicary has certainly exercised very good judgment in the packs he has gone to for change of blood. The Warwickshire, Lord Portman's, the Oakley, North Cheshire, the Holder-ness, South Cheshire, and the Exmoor, are all represented in the two excellent drafts from the thirty odd couples forming the South Devon pack of which Mr. Fall secured excellent pictures. Bidding farewell to Collings, and wishing him as good a

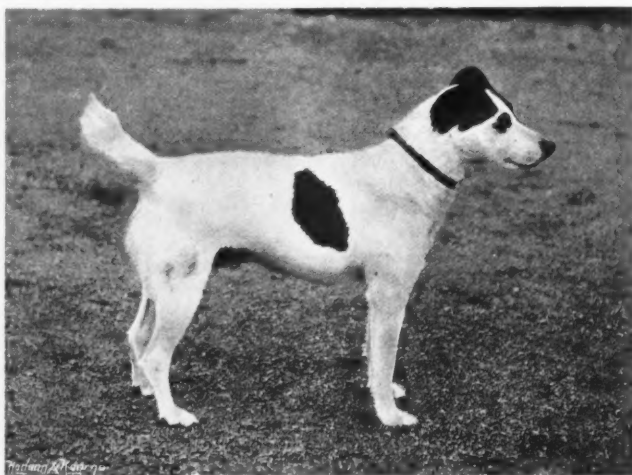
season as he and his hounds deserve, we were soon spinning back to Newton, passing on the way the pretty village of Ogwell, quite secluded and far from the beaten track, but well known among Fox-terrier fanciers as the rearing place of many of the finest dogs ever seen in the ring. Though the chance of seeing the hounds was not to be missed, the primary object was to see something of Mr. Vicary's terriers. They are all fanciers at Churchills, and none, not even Mr. Vicary or his eldest son, Mr. W. R. Vicary, who now has practical charge of the kennels, is more solicitous of the welfare of the brood bitches and their stock than Mrs. Vicary. As a matter of fact, the great success the kennel has attained is undoubtedly due to the careful rearing of the PUPPIES by this lady, who never allows anyone else to attend to the wants of the breeding stock. No trouble is too great nor is any hour too late for Mrs. Vicary, and some little story can be told of almost every noted terrier in the establishment, proving how he or she has been nursed through serious illness or a mauling received in drawing the badger—for every terrier in the establishment is entered either to Reynard or the badger—with all the care shown by Dandie Dinmont himself. VESUVIENNE, the one-time famous bitch, never beaten on the bench, and dam of Vice-Regal, sold for £470, is now Mrs. Vicary's household pet, and in consideration of good service and old age—she has seen close on a dozen summers—has a kennel in the hall. It was indeed pleasant to have another look at this celebrity, for she has long retired from public life, but still retains many of her excellent points. Dil, as she is called at home, was known as possessing the



T. Fall,

PUPPIES.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

VENIO.

Baker Street.

best legs, bone, coat, shoulders, and loin of any terrier of her time. Huntsmen in fact considered her a model, whilst her gameness was indisputable. In head and ears she would even now hold her own, but age has told the inevitable tale, and one of Mrs. Vicary's keenest regrets is that Dil can no longer keep up with her as companion in walking or driving.

All the old terriers have gained high honours on the bench and in the field, for, lifelong sportsman that he is, Mr. Vicary would tolerate no tyke that refused to go to earth when called upon. His opinion, as expressed in Mr. Rawdon Lee's standard book on the breed, is worth reproduction as a guide to choice among puppies. "As you must first catch your hare before you can cook him, so it is necessary in this case to look round at those puppies you have at walk, which should be well out in the country, where the youngsters, able to prepare for a life of some hardship, are founding a constitution which will be necessary for the work with hounds. Select those the size required for the country they will work, for different districts require different sizes, and give preference to those which have good legs and feet, good neck and shoulders, back and loins, and above all possess a thoroughly hard texture of coat and a thick skin. A stern too gaily carried is to be avoided; I have rarely found dogs with sterns so carried of staunch courage; and avoid a shallow-ribbed tucked-up youngster. Having selected suitable-looking puppies, fully thirteen or fourteen months old, let them go into the Foxhound kennels—June or July is the best time—the dogs with the dog hounds and the bitches with the lady pack. They will now have daily exercise out with the hounds, and get used to running with them in an orderly manner before cubbing commences. The huntsman, too, will have



T. Fall,

MR. VICARY AND HOUNDS.

Baker Street.



several opportunities of giving the terriers a turn in some earths or drains that can be run through without mischief. During the first season too much must not be expected in cases where terriers run; it takes time to accustom them to the country, and to be well up when wanted. Still I have known many that have entered promptly and bolted their fox on the first opportunity, and also some that have been no practical service until their second season, when they have turned out the very best."

The appearance of most of the Churchills terriers proves that their owner has in their rearing practised what he so persistently preaches. VENIO, the veteran of the kennel, with the exception of the bitch Vesuvienne, is now as good a dog as ever he was. He was first shown as long ago as 1889, when, although not a year old, he won all along the line at the Kennel Club and Birmingham shows. He possesses great substance, without the least tendency to coarseness, and has the happy knack of transmitting qualities he is well known to possess to his stock, VISTO, one of his sons, having proved one of the sensations of the last decade. Many good authorities declare Visto to be the best Fox-terrier dog of the day; in fact, as regards size, he is as near perfection as it is possible to breed a terrier, whilst in head, ears, front, legs, and feet he is indeed a model. VALUATOR, another of Venio's stock, is notable for gamey appearance. His head is a rich tan colour of extraordinary length, and in expression he is absolutely perfect. No terrier in the kennel possesses in a more perfect measure the darkness in colour, fire, life, and intelligence in eye so much sought after by breeders. A kennel of seventy or eighty terriers



T. Fall,

A GOOD COUPLE.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

VIVISCO.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

MR. VICARY, JUN., AND TERRIERS.

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is a responsibility few men are all the arrangements could cope with, but so perfect and so very suitable the part of Mr. Vicary's grounds on which the kennels are built, that losses are very rare. All the young stock are reared as hardy as possible, coddling in any form being tabooed, for many of the big successes of Churchills have been brought up by cottagers in the district, with full instructions to let them have perfect freedom, and, in reason, to be allowed to run wild. The puppies are a very promising lot, and there is not much doubt that during the approaching winter season more than one of them will be heard of to advantage. The kennel is still the premier one in the country, and will no doubt remain so as long as the working characteristics of its inmates are given preference to mere show points. Rome, however, was not built in a day. The Vicary strain combines the two qualities as the result of twenty-five years' careful selection and breeding.

## The Badger.

**O**FTEN one will come across very curious pets at inns, and the one in our photograph takes his ease at the Five Bells at Eynsford, where we had the picture taken for the amusement of readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It would have been still more interesting to show him at play with his old enemy, for he is as lively as a kitten, but the kodak was not satisfactory. As will be seen, the badger is quite young. When a tiny cub he was brought out of an earth on a hill near Olford one day last winter by a terrier. He has made himself quite at home in his new quarters, and is a bosom friend of the puppy. Although on such excellent terms with his house companion, and quite amicable towards all the dogs of his acquaintance, he views

intruders and strangers with suspicion. Except when feeding, he is very tame and gentle, but will snap if you come between him and his meal. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the picture is the vast change it denotes in the habits of our rustics. The somewhat lonely and wild Kentish hills have ever been a home of the badger. The oldest inhabitant, an aged villager named Howard, who was cultivating his allotment in 1832, relates that about forty years ago there was an innkeeper at Stoneham, of the name of Engleton who also had a badger—more than one, as a matter of fact—but he was not free like this one. He was kept chained in a box 5ft. or 6ft. long. In a neighbouring field which goes by the name of Fontenoy there is a wide chalk-pit, to which the innkeeper used to carry his "brock," and there the rustics assembled with their "dawgs." The innkeeper charged a shilling a worry for those who tried to draw him. Howard says that very few were successful, which says little for the pluck of the Kentish dogs.

To illustrate my meaning, I may, perhaps, be allowed to relate some reminiscences of a county famous for its sport—Gloucestershire. The Cotswolds were always well supplied with badgers, and Sir John Dorrington tells me that on the hills round Stroud, and his home, Lypiatt Park, they have greatly increased during late years. Once at Brockhampton Park I was telling the late Captain Craven and his father a story about the famous "king" of Cleeve Common, which, though not new, will bear repetition. The said "king," who was really a shepherd, was passing a public-house famous for its old-fashioned sports, when he was assailed with some chaff from a crowd who had met for a badger-baiting. He said contemptuously that he dared undertake to draw the badger with the wretched old bob-tailed sheepdog at his heels. Scarcely thinking him in earnest, they challenged him to make a bet, and as he accepted, £10 a side was at once deposited, no one dreaming that his poor-spirited tyke would be of any use. They were exceedingly surprised, therefore, when he drew a strong cord from his pocket and forthwith proceeded to tie the dog's mouth so firmly that he could not bite. He next took it by the head and shoved it stern forward into the box. Of course the badger fastened at once on its haunch, and the "king" gravely pulled out his dog with the badger hanging on to it, and so won his bet.



E. C. Youens.

QUEER MESSMATES.

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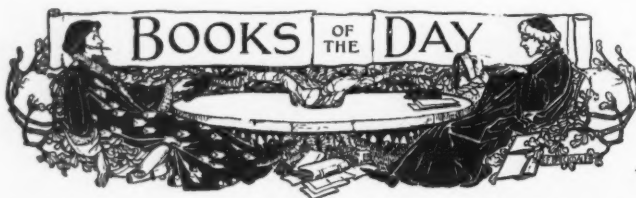
Now Mr. Fulwer Craven's comment on this anecdote was full of interest. He was at the time a man of over seventy, and his memory went back to a period when badger-baiting was a common amusement among the Cotswold villagers. But he said that the pastime was carried to such a pitch that it was considered no feat at all for a dog to draw a badger from a box even when the sides were soaped so as to make his feet slip. A dog was considered to be worth speaking about when he could draw the badger from under a stack of faggots. There nothing but the snout was presented, and the badger could turn and always face his assailant. Moreover, they were very strict about the weight of the dog, which, it was held, should on no account exceed that of the creature to be drawn. He had beside him at the time a toy Manchester terrier—a breed of which he was very fond—and he said one of the same species, but of the larger size, was long celebrated as the champion at badgers. I think he said he only weighed 12lb., but I cannot be quite certain, as the conversation took place many years ago. The little black and tan terriers were more used for the rat-pit. An otter was considered to test gameness even more than a badger, and one famous terrier fought for many hours with one.

As showing the curious freaks in which rustics will sometimes indulge, reference was made during the same conversation to an extraordinary fancy indulged in by some remote villagers.

It seems that a joiner had made a coffin which proved to be too short for the corpse, and therefore was not accepted. Some tipsy rustics one afternoon insisted on using this as a box out of which to draw the badger, and somehow it struck a certain gloomy humour in the others, and again and again the coffin was employed for the same purpose.

It may be added that there is no doubt as to badgers having increased to a very large extent during recent years. A Master of Hounds tells me that he saved no fewer than seven last year, and the dogs chopped up as many more in covert. But the creature is very seldom seen. It is nocturnal in its habits, and very shy at that, and it mostly lives in the quietest and most unfrequented parts of the country. Yet the occasional cropping up of specimens, and the ease with which they can be found for the delightful pastime of hunting by moonlight, are proofs of their increase in numbers.

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



HERE, in "The Day's Work" (Macmillan), is the long-expected collection of Mr. Kipling's stories, and some of the critics have couched their little lances, have envenomed the points with ink, and have tilted at Mr. Kipling with some severity. But the public goes on buying its Kipling just the same, and the public, as usual, is right; for in these random stories on many subjects there is that pulsating energy, that realisation of personal character, not only in man and beast, but also in the things almost of life, which man creates for his own use, in which much of Mr. Kipling's magic consists. "The Bridge-builders," "The Ship that Found Herself," "The Tomb of His Ancestors," "The Maltese Cat," and "Bread Upon the Waters," are the most striking stories, and between them they compel the statement that, apart from all question of creative power, this volume is a wonderful *tour de force*. Mr. Kipling has mastered the technical jargon of many walks of life, and he has marvellous power of turning it to artistic use. In the Bridge-builders he is a civil engineer, in the Ship he is a Naval architect, in the Tomb he is steeped to the lips in Indian feeling, in the Maltese Cat he is polo-player and pony in one, in Bread Upon the Waters he is a shrewd old Naval engineer, with accurate knowledge of the laws of salvage at sea. All through he knows his men and his women, and he is always himself. Whether every phrase is used correctly is more than I venture to say. Some critics have so written; but it is permissible to doubt their omniscience. Thus much I know. Having read the book with care and pleasure from beginning to end—save for "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," which seemed tiresome—and having acquired in my own mind a large if chaotic heap of general information, I can only find one downright mistake upon a point of fact, and that is one which cannot be passed over in COUNTRY LIFE. That vessel of many aliases which once appeared as the Martin Hunt, may have been painted a dull slate colour, with a pure saffron funnel, but she cannot have had "boats of robin's-egg blue," because there is more blue about a robin's egg, even in exceptional cases, than there is green in the eye of Solomon or the Artful Dodger. But this

is a mere spot on the sun; the whole volume is a substantial contribution to the entertainment of nations, and it sets one wondering more than ever at the extraordinary versatility of its maker.

When I saw the name of Mr. Alfred Watson on the cover of "Hunting-crop Hall" (Redway), a thrill of pleasant anticipation ran through me; but when, on the first haphazard dip into the pages, I found somebody writing of Oxford as "the city of academic towers," I shuddered and dreamed that Sala had risen from the dead. But the real author was Mr. T. H. Escott. The fact is that the stories and essays collected in the volume are of very unequal merit. Some of them, for example Sir Courtenay Boyle's essay on the "Influence of Field Sports on Character," and Mr. Watson's own contributions, are bright and readable; others are marked by the same fault which used to characterise "seasonable articles." Of such is "Partridge Day as it was and as it is," by "An Elderly Sportsman," who certainly caricatures and libels the partridge-shooting of to-day.

Mr. Baring Gould is as fruitful as the Nile Valley when the floods go down. "Domitia" (Mc:huen), a tale of Imperial Rome, is his latest production and, if it is not of quite the same quality as "Cheap Jack Zita" or "Kitty Alone," it is still capital reading and conveys to the mind a vivid impression of those days of endless luxury and limitless cruelty when the old religion had become a confessed hypocrisy and the new religion was invading Rome itself.

Whether so wicked a woman as Isabel Carrington could ever exist may be a moot point, but that her wickedness and her deadly fascination are conceivable is proved in "The Altar of Life," by Miss May Bateman (Duckworth). The novel, which I take to be the work of a new writer, is distinctly striking, for it has freshness, it shows vigorous descriptive power and characterisation, and it is of no school in particular. The story, in spite of the heroic love of Fay for the hero, is inexpressibly sad. It is pitiful to read helplessly on while Isabel Carrington, avaricious and filled with the hatred to be summed up as *spera injuria forma*, compasses the professional ruin of the soldier who loved his duty and his country. It is a painful tragedy, of the most modern type. But it is constructed with great skill, it touches the sympathies, it haunts the memory.

If there are any limits to the use of the horrible in more or less historical fiction, it may fairly be said that Mr. Crockett has at least reached them in "The Red Axe" (Smith, Elder). Two of the principal characters you may see in the frontispiece. They are Duke Casimir of the Wolfmark, in scale armour and of prodigious length of limb from knee to ankle, and Gottfried Gottfried, his hereditary headman, and chief torturer, and keeper of the ducal bloodhounds. It is only necessary to mention that Gottfried's berth is no sinecure, and that the bloodhounds are fed habitually upon human flesh, to show that the pages of the book are blood-stained enough for a penny dreadful. The headman, or justicer,



had a son, a boy who did not take to the honourable profession of his ancestors; and the son begged the life of the "Little Playmate," an infant Princess whose father was butchered at the end of one of Casimir's forays; and the son cherished the little Princess and they loved. There are complications, and Hugo Gottfried, the son, takes service with Casimir's enemy, Prince Karl, and there is no end of fighting and of love-making, in fact the later part of the book is infinitely preferable to the beginning. Still, take it for all in all, the pages are too crimson for adult taste.

Yet another novel, "Two Fortunes and Old Patch" (Constable), by Mr. T. F. Dale and Miss Frances Slaughter. This is a spirited story illustrated by those sporting scenes which the collaborating authors know and love so well. Is not Mr. Dale one of the highest living authorities on polo and hunting? Has not Miss Slaughter produced but recently "The Sportswoman's Library"? The story is all about an extravagant young Guardsman, and a cousin and an uncle who are far too generous to him, and a clever old fox of many lives, and a parvenu and his daughter. Puzzle—how to string them together. Solution—as follows: When Ted Frampton owed £80,000 (rather a large sum for a man who could pledge no securities), his uncle, the squire, let Frampton Hall to Mr. Slipper, ex-linen draper. At Frampton was a famous fox, Old Patch, the *hôte noir* of the keeper. The good Slipper wanted to have record days of pheasant-shooting. So he encouraged the extermination of the native foxes, imported bagmen which would not run, and begged the Master of Hounds to

keep hounds out of his coverts. Patch escaped the general massacre of foxes and migrated. But it fell on a day that Patch, closely pursued by the hounds, made for the familiar covert at Frampton on the afternoon of a big shoot. Infuriated by the ruin of the best beat, Slipper shot at Patch and killed the leading hound. Slipper, of course, had to leave the country with his family. He went to India, and there his daughter Agnes met Ted Frampton, who had become a probationer for the staff corps, and had performed heroic feats, and had got his V.C. Agnes and Ted fell in love, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Finally, Old Patch was killed at the end of a grand run. The sporting scenes are the best part of this book, and they are wonderfully well done.

To write of "Sea Urchins" (Lawrence and Bullen) that it is in Mr. W. W. Jacobs' best and most humorous manner is to use terms of high praise. In the provocation of robust and innocent laughter Mr. Jacobs has no rival, and these stories, especially "Smoked Skipper" and "The Disciplinarian," are full of genuine fun.

In "The History of Gambling in England" (Duckworth) Mr. John Ashton has collected a vast number of oddities. The subject is old enough, but one never tires of hearing the exploits of Captain Barclay and of Squire Osbaldestone, or of going through the list of quaint wagers in the book at White's. "The History of Gambling" is a storehouse of information, and students of the eccentricities of human nature will find abundance of entertainment in its pages.



CHRYSANTEMUMS FOR DECORATION.

AT this season the Chrysanthemum is the gayest flower of the garden, and our illustration shows a bold group in the conservatory, which would be flowerless indeed if this bright flower from sunny Japan were to vanish. Of late years Chrysanthemums have got larger, and the fashion is to make the plants produce blooms which almost put the Cauliflower in the shade for mere bulk. We regard this as a mistake. This forcing treatment is expensive, demanding a constant accession of novelties to the collection and much time, which may well be directed to other matters. Still, the Chrysanthemum is a useful and beautiful flower, its sprays always welcome for cutting, and may be used in the daintiest indoor decorations whilst, certain kinds may be planted entirely outdoors with the happiest results.

## OCTOBER CHRYSANTEMUMS OUTDOORS.

The hardy Chrysanthemums should be grown as bushes and left to develop into spreading masses which bear a wealth of flowers when frosts have destroyed the more tender summer plants. There is little trouble in growing these kinds, as disbudding, stopping, and similar details are unnecessary. It is important, however, to select pure colours, avoiding all magenta and unpleasant purplish shades, which are ineffective whether upon the plant or used in decorations. We give the names of a few varieties conspicuous for their bright colouring and lateness:—Mme. la Comtesse Foucher de Careil is the long-winded name of a very charming October variety, the flowers of a deep orange colour, made richer still by the yellow reverse to the florets. The plant is wonderfully free, and not more than 2ft. in height. Albert Chausson is also of an orange red colour, and taller than the preceding variety. A good kind is Vice-President Hardy, the crimson and yellow flowers of which are borne with great freedom. It is about 4ft. in height, and effective when grouped. O. J. Quintus, mauve; Roi des Precoces, crimson; Ryecroft Glory, orange yellow; M. G. Dubor, yellow touched with bronze; A. Dufour, rose purple, a very old but useful variety; Mrs. A. J. Parker, pink shaded with salmon; Lemon Queen, deep lemon colour; Mlle. Guindudeau, pink and purple; Gloire de Mezin, chestnut red, very rich; and Edwin Rowbottom, bright yellow.

## HEDGES OF ROSES.

As this is the season for planting Roses, we draw attention to the many uses to which the fragrant flowers may be put in English gardens. We want our readers with gardens of stereotyped pattern, filled with plants everyone has got, to think of ways of beautifying and changing them. There is distinct charm in variety. One gets heartily sick of privet hedges, which are always mournful-looking, yet more familiar than any other form, whilst the Rose is rarely considered. It is of great importance to use the most beautiful plants to form dividing lines in gardens. We want every part to be of interest, not merely the beds or borders surrounding the house; hence our reason for bringing the Rose forward as a hedge, either by itself or in combination with something else.

## PLANTING A ROSE HEDGE.

Before we give a selection of the kinds most suitable for this form of hedge, a few lines about planting will doubtless be useful. It is absolutely

essential to thoroughly prepare the ground, digging it deeply, and incorporating plenty of fibrous loam. It is a mistake to mix in it a quantity of manure, which makes the soil cold and heavy. Where the ground is very shallow, and the subsoil chalk or gravel, loam is of much value, whilst remember always that the plants must have a free root run, which of course is impossible when they are placed near hard gravel paths. The

## JAPANESE ROSES.

Rosa rugosa and its varieties, make perhaps the strongest and most handsome hedges. They grow about 10ft. in height, and their spiny stems and abundant foliage offer considerable resistance to cattle, whilst they are beautiful at all seasons. Flowers and fruit appear at the same time, and the leafage, glossy green in summer, dies off intense yellow. Even in the case of such strong-growing kinds as Rosa rugosa it is well to have an oaken fence or supports to prevent mishaps, otherwise the plants will be insecure—at least, until they have made considerable progress. It is wise to let the Roses have this assistance, because they never offer such a strong, impenetrable barrier as Holly and Quick. The ordinary Japanese Rose bears a rose-coloured flower; but there are white and other shades, very charming forms being Blanc double de Coubert, the pure white Alba, Belle Pontevine, and Calocarpa. Seedlings, however, vary considerably

in tint, which, of course, increases one's interest in the hedge. Plant closely together, and give annual mulchings to maintain vigorous growth.

## ROSES OVER OAK FENCES.

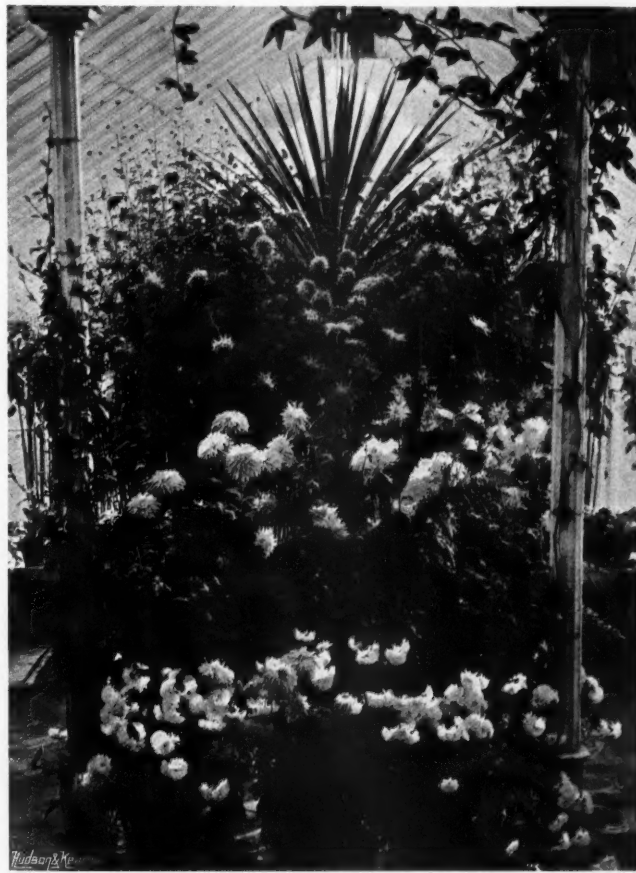
The writer thinks a delightful way of growing Roses is over low fences of oak, and many beautiful kinds are available for this purpose, such as the Carmine Pillar and the free-growing Penzance Briars, which are graceful in growth, fragrant both in leaf and flower, and varied in colour. Lady Penzance, bronze, Anne of Gerstem, crimson, and Amy Robsart, pink, are the most beautiful in colour of this race. We enjoy these when mixed together, and if the fence is a very low one, say not more than 2ft. high, it will be needful to tie the branches down, when flowers will appear from every eye. Cut down the plants hard the first season to promote strength at the base. The Austrian Briars, though the flower season is brief, are picturesque, and in the autumn the brilliant crimson fruits and glaucous leafage of the Apple Rose (Rosa pomifera) are welcome. One must think of the queenly flower from several standpoints. It is not always blossom alone that makes a species valuable, because Rosa lucida is one of the most charming of the whole race. It is strong and leafy, the foliage turning to rich chestnut red in autumn, when it is almost hidden by crimson fruits following the pink flowers. Surely, too, the

## SWEET BRIAR

must be considered. We should plant it by thousands if space permitted, and we know one beautiful garden in which Sweet Briar seems everywhere, perfuming the whole place in summer evenings, or after warm showers. The Sweet Briar makes a fairly strong hedge, and is always precious to us. It is more valuable

than any of the hybrids that have been raised from it. The Scotch Roses are useful, too, and the charming Aimée Vibert, which is practically evergreen, its glossy foliage remaining in great part throughout the winter, and in summer clusters of dazzling white flowers appear in profusion. Of course, Gloire de Dijon and its race may be trained upon fences, not forgetting the beautiful Mme. Berard, Bouquet d'Or, and Kaiserin Frederick. Then we have the glorious China Roses, hybrid Teas, and the Polyanthas. Of the China race, never forget that Mme. Laurette Messimy is queen of all, whilst Fabvier, White Pet, and Mme. Bosanquet are bright also. We shall continue these notes about hedges next week.

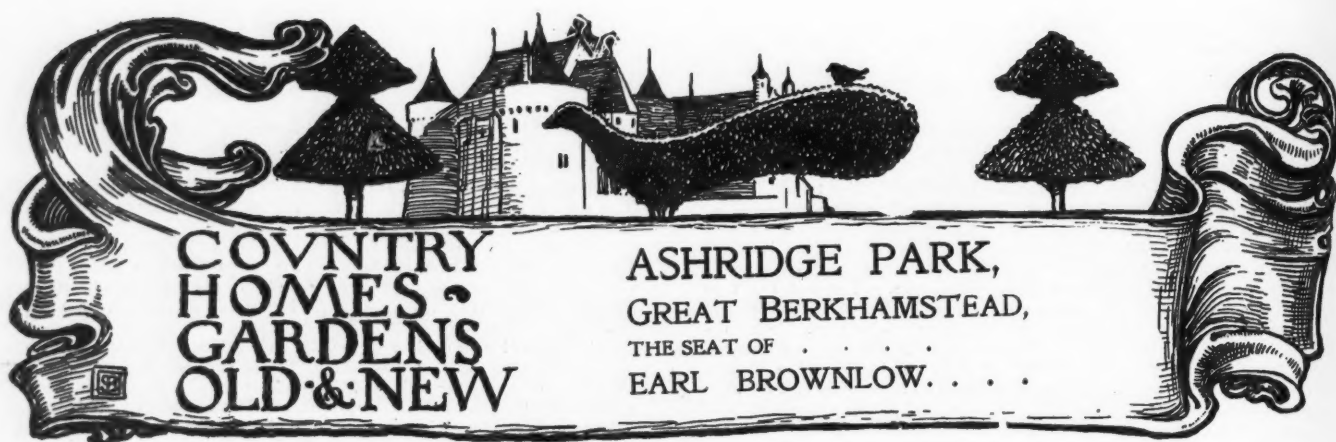
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist those who desire information about gardening in any of its branches.



C. Reid.

CHRYSANTEMUMS IN THE CONSERVATORY.

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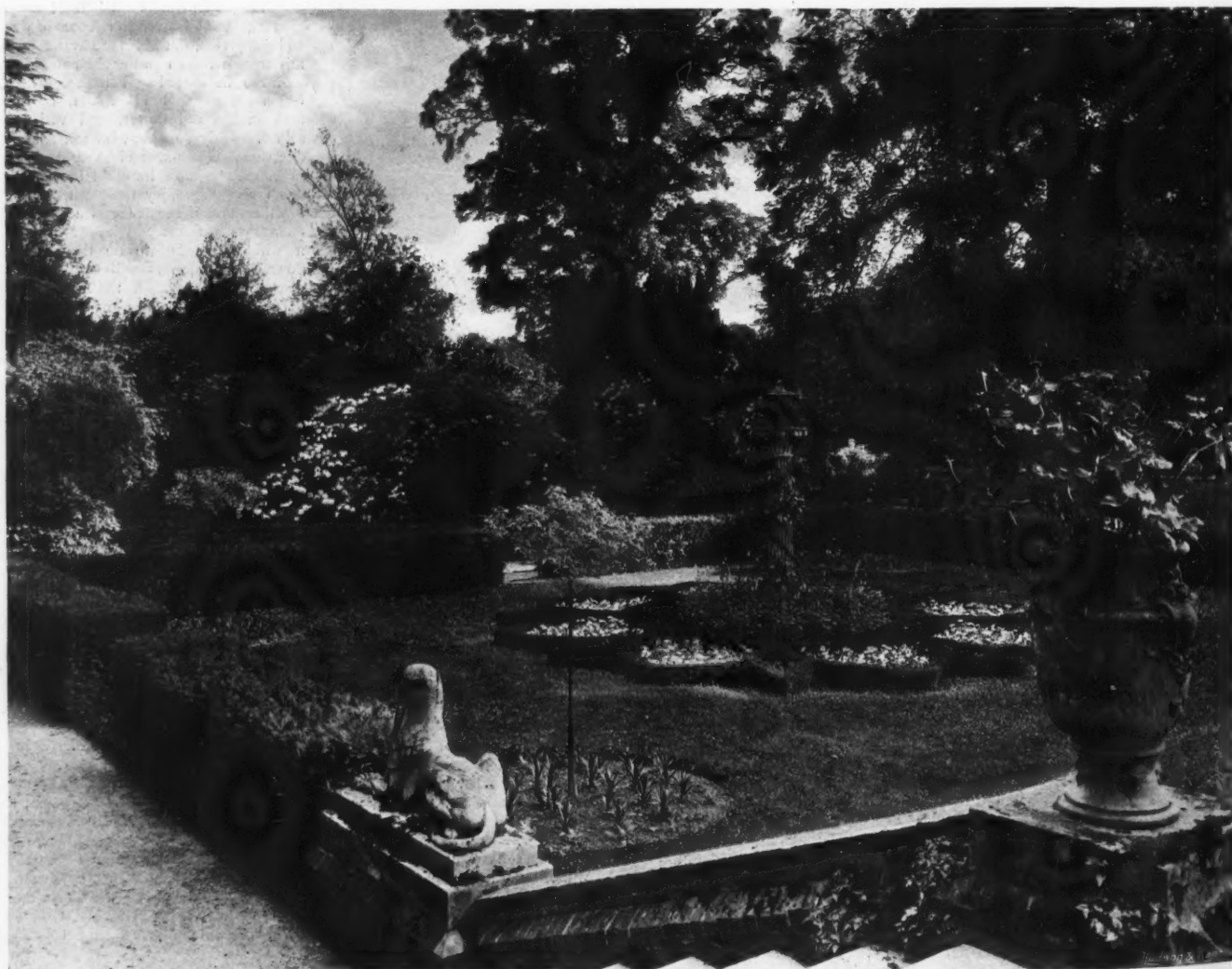


FROM what has been said in our first article upon lordly Ashridge, the reader will have divined that the gardens, which we have now to describe, are of equal beauty and interest. The country is a fair setting for such a gem—a land quite noted for its beech woods, and the beech is a noble monarch of the forests, with silvery bark and spread of sturdy branches that make it one of the most treasured denizens of our woodlands. For few trees have more majestic aspect, and perhaps more fascinating changes of colour—in winter vested with soft and silvery tints, in spring gradually suffused with the brightest green, taking deeper shades in the summer, and glowing, when autumn visits the woodland, with glorious crimsons and browns. Such are the trees of which many greet you as you approach beautiful Ashridge.

Several styles of gardening will be discovered at Ashridge, and it is pleasant to find that a character is preserved in keeping with the old English aspect of the house. The Monks' Garden, reminiscent of the Bonshommes of former times, is formal indeed, but its formality is wholly in keeping with the ancient character of the building. Here, therefore, is to be learned the lesson of appropriateness. A certain reasonable and

unexaggerated formality in the gardens of houses anterior in style to the days of the Georges has received the sanction of time, and leads neither to the production of verdant monstrosities nor to the banishment of that wealth of floral colour which should invest our gardens with beauty. In the garden referred to at Ashridge we appreciate the charm of tall edgings, such as those of box, when well kept and trimmed and their defective places made good, for, truly, a ragged or straggly box-edging is destructive of garden propriety, and no thing of beauty at all.

Our quest for the attractions of Ashridge gardens does not lead us far before we come to a place, surrounded by trees, which lend additional character to it, where rhododendrons are used with moderate freedom. A certain distinctness of character, too, is discerned in the conifer hedge, and we say to ourselves once again that these good box-edgings have very marked value, and that the creepers vesting the stone pillar add a feature that we like to find in gardens. A verdure-clad pillar, an old dial, or mossy urn filled with flowers, standing, perhaps, in the open, or flecked with sunlight through the trees, is far more appropriate in some situations than a gleaming statue or sculptured







"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—ASHRIDGE PARK: THE GARDEN FRONT AND CHURCH.

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THE FRONT VIEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



J. T. Newman.

THE EAST FRONT.

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THE ITALIAN GARDEN.

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marble vase. But, just as the old eclectics chose their principles from the teaching of many schools, so can the modern gardener select his features from the best characters of many styles. Ashridge, for example, has its Italian garden, too, lying on the east side of the house, very gay with many blossoms, and including delightful borders of hardy flowers also.

One great feature of the place is in its cloister-like alleys, or corridors—if such a word may be applied to a garden—which lead from one part to another, and are cool retreats from hot summer suns. They are clothed, of course, with climbers, and have quite a distinctive character of their own.

Then, again, as in so many of the English gardens we have surveyed, we find here the yew a conspicuous and handsome feature. There are noble specimens near the house, and certainly no tree is more impressive than some ancient yew—its gnarled trunk twisted, as it were, in its warfare with a hundred storms, from which it has emerged a sturdy veteran to delight us with its dense growth and character, and the deep shadows it casts upon the turf. Leaving the "yew tree's shade," we find the same tree in another form round the skating-pond at Ashridge. Here it forms a fine hedge—one of the best kept, we think, we have seen—dense, even, and extending for a considerable distance. Yew is of slow growth, but, well grown and well kept, it makes, perhaps, the best of all hedges.

The lawns, again, are delightful. Now a great glory of many of our best gardens, envied by those who visit them from other lands, is in those stretches of velvety turf, which set off the house to such advantage. In many cases a rich lawn approaching the house has a most attractive effect, for it enhances the value of everything else by giving simplicity and dignity of character, and should not therefore be broken up by paltry flower-beds, which, in many hands, are as bare in winter as gravel paths, and in summer contribute to mar a larger and necessary feature. Bold groups of flowering shrubs, or conifers, combined with fine hardy perennial flowers—these mixed with them or placed in front—are an excellent feature upon the outskirts of lawns, which they appropriately border without interfering with the grassy expanse. As will be observed in our illustrations, a noble lawn stretches near to Ashridge House, from which it is divided by a necessary gravel path, and by a narrow border of flowers, from which fragrance is wafted into the rooms.

Nor must we forget the good use made of plants in tubs at Ashridge. This is a phase of gardening to which we have



more than once alluded, and we commend it to the readers of this paper. Well-assorted plants in tubs may be made not the least attractive feature of summer gardens, and a host of them are available for the purpose—plants, we mean, that need only slight protection in the winter to shield them from injury from the frost. There is the African lily, for example, *Agapanthus umbellatus*, with its varieties, of which *albus* has a charming snow-white flower, making an excellent companion to the blue-flowered type. At Ashridge tub plants are well used, and there are some glorious examples of the sweet-scented verberna, or favourite lemon plant, the *aloysia*, grown into standards 8ft. in height. These, like the *agapanthus*, need protection from severe frost.

Another particularly charming feature of Ashridge is the fern glade, leading to the grotto. One of our illustrations shows that many ferns luxuriate in this place, making a fairy bower indeed, leafy, cool, and interesting. Ample space is given to the ferns individually to develop their arching fronds, and this is necessary, if perfect growth is to be attained. Ashridge, in short, is full of interest for the lover of English gardening, who will long remember its grey walls and aged creepers, its ancient trees and clipped yews, and other features and beauties to which



J. T. Newman.

THE MONKS' WALK.

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we have alluded. The Earl and Countess Brownlow are both interested in the charms of the garden, the arts of the home, and the things that are the beauty of country life, and Ashridge has gained very much under their care.

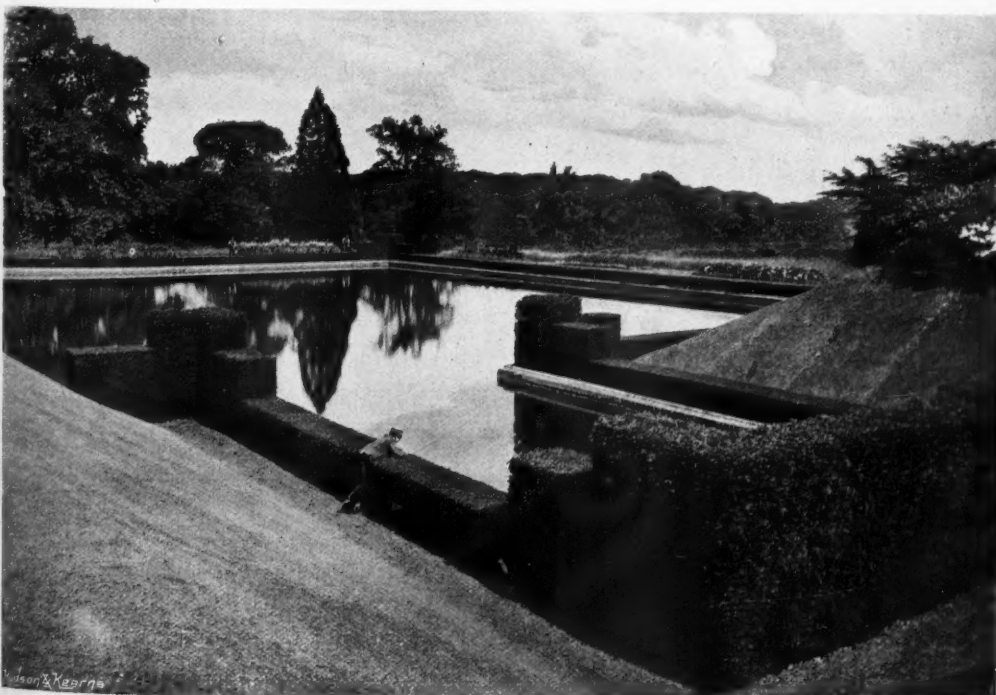
## The Chamois and How it is Hunted.

THERE is probably no animal about which so many erroneous ideas exist as the chamois, and no sport concerning which so many false impressions have been formed as chamois shooting.

In the first place, most people think of the chamois as a Swiss animal; and no wonder, for many books on natural history of a popular kind speak of it as such. The reason of this is not far to seek, for it was in Switzerland, probably, that Englishmen first got to know the animal; and it is in Switzerland to this day that they see in every shop window

carved and painted reproductions of the animal. It is much the same with the Alpine ibex, which is probably an altogether extinct animal. In Switzerland it certainly is, and those preserved for the king's sport on the Italian side are not pure ibex, being crossed with the goat. The fact is that chamois are probably less common in Switzerland than in any other country which they inhabit, unless it be Spain, where their range is limited to the southern slopes of the Pyrenees. Still, the *izzards*, as they are there called, range on the French side too, and one ought to take the two countries together.

There are also a few in the French Alps. The country which contains most chamois of any is certainly Austria, where they exist in the provinces of Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Istria, and very likely some others. Some are said to be killed in Dalmatia still, but these are really, I believe, killed by poachers over the Bosnian border. I myself have seen them within a mile or two of the boundary line—the animals, I mean, not the poachers. In the two Turkish provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, administered by Austria, they are very common, especially to the eastward. In Montenegro there are some, and also in Albania, though our knowledge of this province is really so limited that it is a disputed point whether any form of ibex exist there. I have little doubt that chamois occur on some of the Greek mountains; but this is another country of which we know so very little that it will be



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ASHRIDGE PARK: THE SKATING POND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a surprise to many to learn that the only wild fallow deer of Europe are still found there. All other European fallow deer are descended from imported animals. No deer had a more naturally limited range than this, for it practically only embraced South-Eastern Europe, Asia Minor, Persia, and Mesopotamia. Nevertheless some naturalists distinguished two species among them.

The chamois (*Capra rupicapra*, or *Antilope rupicapra*) belongs to the order of goat antelopes, which is a small one, but which also includes the serow and the goral of the Himalayas, the takin of Thibet (still almost unknown to us), the so-called Japanese chamois, with two or three allied species on the Asiatic mainland adjoining, and the Rocky Mountain goat. No small order is more diffused than this, whose representatives are found from Western Europe continuously across Europe and Asia, and then by Japan to North-West America. The appearance of the chamois is familiar, from pictures, to most Englishmen, though, strange to say, there never is one at the London Zoo. The size varies from those of the Pyrenees, which are the smallest, to those of Eastern Europe (and the Caucasus?), which are the largest. Both sexes carry short black horns, curving backwards at the points, but those of the bucks are thicker and more heavily ringed. A pair of buck's horns, roin. or more in length, is a good trophy, but the longest horns are found in very old does. When stationary, the bucks are easily distinguished

sheep. I have seen them in January as low as 2,000ft. above the sea level.

Chamois, as a rule, are hunted in one of two ways—stalking, and driving with beaters. There is another, and great sport, too, practised I believe only in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which consists in hunting them with hounds to the gun; but concerning this I have had a good deal to say in a recent book.

Chamois-stalking is one of the finest sports existing. Though not so dangerous as generally supposed, still it is not without risks, and the spice of danger gives zest to the sport. It can only be practised when the animals are using the open grounds, that is, in early summer or late autumn; and the former period, when the big bucks are not consorting with the hinds, will probably be found to provide the best sport. Only the skins, which in their winter condition make handsome rugs, are worthless then, except for the leather.

Chamois-stalking is a comparatively simple matter in theory, though it often proves uncommonly hard work in practice. The first thing to be done is to reach a high point with a good view so early in the morning that the chamois are still on the move. This practically means a very short time after sunrise, and as a rule it will be found the best plan to bivouac on the hill-top. When a desirable chamois is found with the glass, he should be watched till he lies down, for he will then generally remain for some hours, though chamois are somewhat inclined to be restless

at any time. Then commences the actual stalk. On this sort of ground the wind usually blows uphill in the morning, so it is enough to get well above the quarry. If the ground is rocky, as it often is, the boots should then be changed for jute-soled shoes, in which a noiseless approach may be made. If a stone should be knocked down, or other mistake made, the chamois will go off at best pace, but not far before he stands still to look back—a habit that often proves his undoing. With a little common care in stalking a shot can generally be got at 150yds., or less. I was recently reading a book by an old friend of my childhood, the "Old Shekarry," which contains a chapter on chamois-shooting in 1865, and I was surprised to find the distances fired at generally given as 300yds., or more. Though no doubt this was a fine performance with the early breech-loaders, I think with a little trouble nearer shots could have been obtained.

Chamois-driving differs little from deer-driving, except that the beaters have often bad ground to cover. The only skill

consists in shooting straight, and picking out the bucks, which is facilitated by the animal's habit, previously referred to, of frequently stopping to look back. There is a variation of driving called *riegeln*, which is rather sporting, and consists of a herd being first found with the glass, and then moved by a few beaters towards the hastily-posted guns. As a further variation of this, one or two guns post themselves, whilst another attempts a stalk. Whether he succeed or fail, the animals will probably give the other guns a shot.

German writers speak of yet another class of chamois-shooting, which I have never shared, nor do I want to. It is called the *Jagd zum Treibstock*, and consists in two or three hunters finding and following a herd on and on till it is driven to a place impassable even to the mountain antelope, and forced either to become a target for successive shots, or to dash back past its pursuers. The combined dangers of following chamois—of that from falling rocks, and from the last rush of the terrified beasts—are such as few would care to face.

Taking it all in all, chamois-shooting is a most fascinating sport. The exhilarating mountain air and the beautiful scenery alone are worth the climb. Even if the game be not plentiful, one generally sees it, and this raises one's anticipations for another day.

Why chamois have never been introduced into the British Isles it is hard to say, except that we are extraordinarily devoid of the enterprise which has made the Sardinian moufflon a



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ASHRIDGE PARK: THE FERNERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

by their horns being thicker, set on further apart, and separated much more widely at the curve. The bucks are also generally darker in colour (in the Vienna Museum is one killed by the Emperor, and almost white), and have a sort of mane about the withers. When a herd is in full flight before the beaters, however, it takes an experienced hand to pick out the bucks. The Austrian Emperor, who rarely misses, never shoots a doe.

One of the popular ideas about the chamois is that it is an inhabitant of perpetual snow and ice. This is quite a mistake. I have known them to live on ranges no higher than our British mountains. Even on the higher hills they do not, as a rule, resort to the snow till the Alp pastures, which they love, are covered with flocks and herds, though they are always fond of lying on the snow, being very warm-blooded animals.

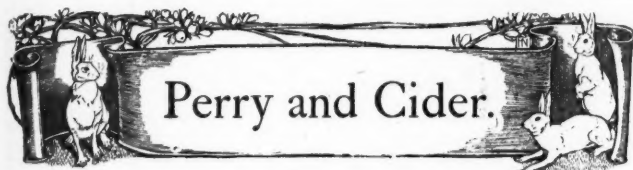
But they inhabit many countries where ice and snow are not perennial, and where the mountain-tops in summer are green pastures. Being driven hence in summer by the cattle and sheep, they go down to the wooded slopes below for peace and quietness. Very marked is this in Bosnia, where the authorities make the people drive their cattle down on a certain day. Twenty-four hours later the down-like grass is covered with herds of chamois, quite invisible the week before. When the snow comes they go down again to the woods, and gradually so low down as almost to mingle with the grazing goats and



common beast of chase in parts of Austria. At all events they can easily be bought in Austria, and sometimes in England. The climate would suit them well enough, and I am sure they would do well on Welsh hills, Scotch deer forests, or Irish mountains. In fact, there are many parts of England,

especially in the Lake District, where they would flourish. They multiply fairly fast, and a half-dozen turned down at mid-summer should provide plenty of shooting four or five years later. Except protection against poachers they require no attention whatever.

SNAFFLE.



IT may be as well to say frankly at the outset that the writer of this descriptive article does not pretend to be more than an onlooker at the various processes. He has cross-questioned experts, but does not himself claim to be one. Like some other old-fashioned crafts, cider-making has its mysteries,

but there are one or two plain questions I have long wished to clear up. In the West Country, for instance, cider is often so intoxicating that the farm servants soon become incapable if they get the run of a cask, but he who drinks the pure fermented juice of the apple runs, in homely language, more risk of a belly-ache than a headache. Why is this? I used to think the Cotswold farmers were romancing when they told me that cider liked flesh, and they tossed a joint of beef, a leg of mutton or of fresh pork, into the vat, but it is perfectly true that they feed it with wheat, maize, and other cereals when meat is not to be had. The effect, like that of adding sugar, is to immensely increase the alcoholic strength. Not long ago a gentleman on an apple-buying tour in Sussex came to a farm with an old-fashioned

cider-mill, and was shown one barrel much cherished by the labourers because it was so uncommonly strong. At length, however, they reached the bottom, and were horrified to find it covered with skeletonised rats—that was where the strength came from. The analysis of pure cider ought not to show more than about 4 per cent. of alcohol, or about the same as brewed ginger-beer. Unfortunately purity in this form is not popular. The Americans fortify their cider with cheap potato spirit, and the rustic of Wessex strengthens his with cold gin, while many of the private makers judge the result by its intoxicating power.

In the typical Kent home-  
stead where the photographs were taken the first intimation that a cider-making was coming on was seen in a great cleaning of casks—for cleanliness is one of the chiefest virtues in this art. At the same time ladders were planted in the orchard, and among its discolouring leaves men were seen plucking the ripe fruit. Every district has its own favourite apples. Hereford, as we know, believes in the old Foxwhelp, dessert apples like the Ribston Pippin are preferred in Norfolk for the best cider, and in Normandy they prize the Alizon, Bedan, and Ecarlate. Those shown in the photograph are the famous pale Goffs, red-cheeked Tom Puds, and the peculiar-looking Hereford Beefing or Winter Queening, a spotted and liver-coloured apple. The deer, who would not keep his head still to be photographed, is a tame one that his mother dropped and deserted on the farm. Billy has grown up as the loving friend of all the miscellaneous livestock. He leaps the meadow gate to visit the cows whose milk kept him alive in infancy, he romps with the black retriever just as if he were a puppy himself, and is not above paying a visit to the pigs. He is extremely fond of apples, beech-nuts, and acorns, and, as will be seen, displays quite an intelligent interest in at least one process of cider-making. The



E. C. Youens.

COLLECTING THE FRUIT.

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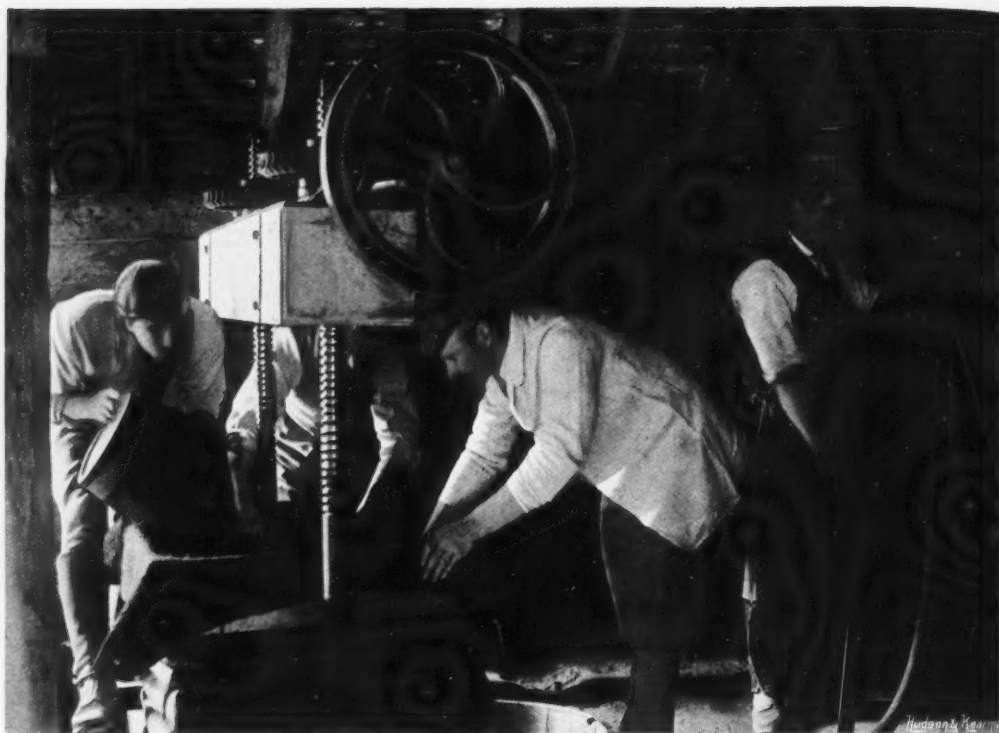
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GRINDING THE APPLES BY STEAM POWER.

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apples are all ripe, as this is essential to obtaining their full bouquet, but to mellow still further they will be left here for two or three days in a heap about 18 in. high. Some have been brought from a distance, for cider fruit has been allowed to decay in Kent since the time when Abraham Hill, the naturalist, the lord of the manor of Sutton-at-Hone, sent for choice trees from Devon and Hereford. That was in 1670 or thereabouts, but during the last four years there has been a planting immensely greater than Hill could have contemplated. It is very essential to have trees grown on the spot. An apple, as it were, combines two flavours—that which is proper to itself and a certain *gout de terrain* due to the soil. For instance, a Foxwhelp grown in Hereford would not taste exactly like the same apple grown in Norfolk. So it is with pears. The favourite here is a Squash, but every locality has its own. That is why cider-making is confined to certain counties, as Devon, Hereford, Norfolk—the soil imparts the right *gout de terrain*.

Our next step, taken after the apples have had time to mature, is to grind them in the mill. It is a neat-looking structure, with a girl attending to the hopper and a man carrying off the pulp or must. Except that steam has supplanted manual labour, very little change has taken place in this operation. An old print (about 1675) of a cider-mill shows a machine resembling in form a modern turnip-cutter, with men at each side turning a large wheel and another below carrying the pulp to a huge tub that stands in readiness. A stone mill is better for grinding than any kind of metal. As good housewives are aware, no preparation from fruit should be touched by iron, or it will be more or less discoloured. After the mill comes the press, which may be described simply as a process for squeezing the juice out of the pulp. "Making the cheese" is the old phrase for it. On a Devonshire farm this is the procedure: They spread out some clean straw and put a layer of pulp on it, then more straw and more pulp alternately till the cheese is built up. Out of this the juice is slowly pressed for a day or two. The more scientific method pursued now is to substitute a rough cloth of matting, cocoa-nut fibre, or horsehair for the straw, and to apply higher



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FILLING THE PRESS WITH PULP.

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pressure, so that greater expedition, as well as increased cleanliness, are obtained. The must is now dry, and is either given as food to cattle or burned and the ashes returned as manure to the orchard. Of old it was the custom to let the juice remain just as it came from the press and run it into barrels to take its chance either to spoil or to ferment and become good cider. But the modern expert is not content with so haphazard a method. As the juice runs from the press it is pumped into barrels or a large vat, and then allowed to filter its way out through funnel-shaped canvas bags, which free it from detrimental matter. And here science begins to tell. The juice goes in a muddy, thick liquor, it comes out clear and brilliant, for the operator has not been content with simple filtration. Some put a little salt and albumen, others a quarter of a pint of skim-milk, into each canvas bag—the object in either case being to secure the precipitation of organic and detrimental matter. This is essential to the production of really first-class cider or perry.

If all has gone on happily so far, the only step remaining is that of fermentation. The scientific expert, who aims at producing a palatable beverage, not a strong intoxicant "shooting

dead at a hundred yards," loves to see the process go on steadily and slowly, with none of that tumultuous vigour that the farmers used to delight in. The cause of a pure fermentation is the yeast germ found in the skin of the apple, and, if there is anything else, bad results are sure to follow. As we have said before, the deterioration of English cider was largely due to the fact that farmers got into the way of making it from the refuse of the orchard, and tried to hide its lack of quality by increasing its alcoholic strength. Hence the so-called feeding with meat and grain and the addition of sugar, which is readily converted into alcohol. Connoisseurs in cider nearly always prefer it dry and hard, or, in other words, with the saccharine naturally belonging to the apple converted. But the ordinary consumer likes it "sweet," that is to say, as an authority puts it, "to make it saleable it is necessary to keep this cider with less than 6½ per cent. of alcohol, say with only 3 per



E. C. Youens.

DROPPING THE JUICE.

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cent. or 4 per cent., and with the remaining sugar left in the cider." How are you going to fix it at that point? The answer is by pasteurisation. M. Pasteur discovered that at a certain temperature the germs which excite fermentation are destroyed. After bottling— itself a very important step in the manufacture — pasteurisation is accomplished by immersion in water heated to the requisite degree.

And now let us wind up this description with a moral. If the friend who furnished me with these pictures and most of the information had not been a philanthropist and a teetotaler, I had intended to write on "the advantages of getting drunk on cider," but he was horrified to think there was any advantage in that kind of excess. Still, it is a fact that those who take too much suffer from no next morning's furred tongue and headache, such as follow wine and spirits. There is one old ciderist, at least, who imbibes all day and yet always gets up with a clean mouth and a good appetite for breakfast. That is one hint, and the next is that all the excellent qualities of cider can be preserved in beverage that is non-intoxicating. Now considering how unpalatable the majority of temperance drinks are, especially the cheapest of them, he would be a national benefactor who invented a cider that was inexpensive, pure, and good to take their places. The scarcity of apples is not likely



E. C. Youens.

BOTTLING.

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to continue long, though this has been a most unfavourable season. But immense planting has taken place, and orchards are at present the most remunerative form of agriculture. We know of one man who has taken a gross sum of £2,000 from forty acres this very year. His father worked for sixpence a day on the same farm.

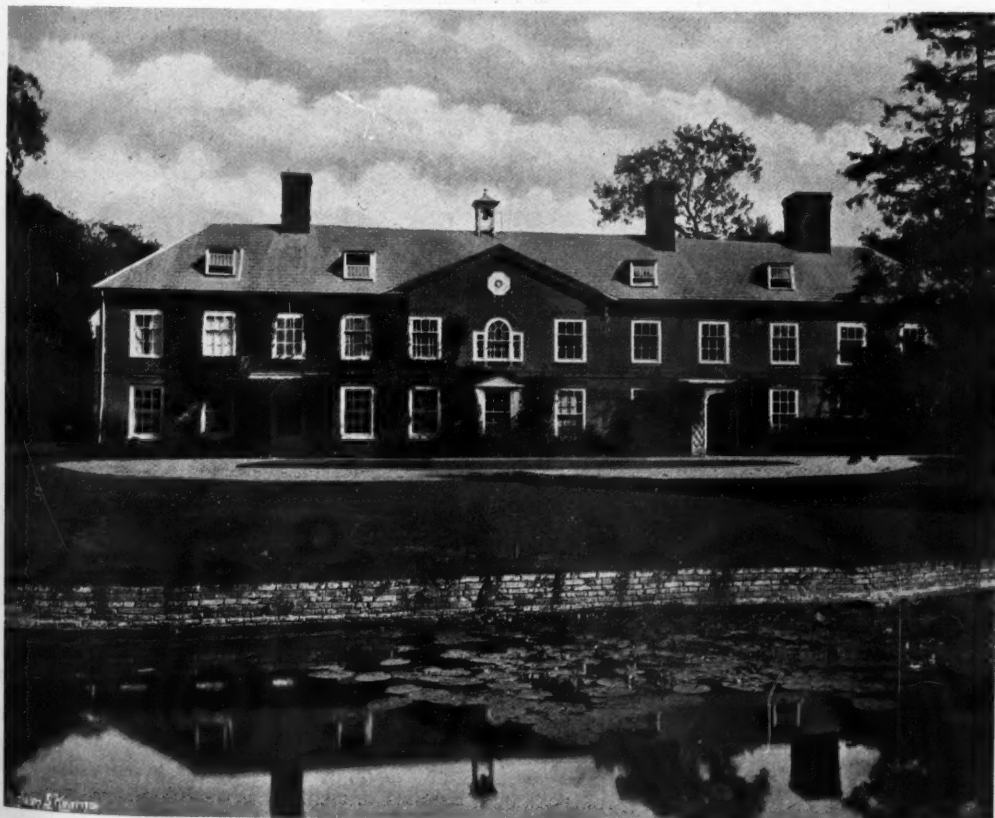
## THE SIRDAR'S ENGLISH TITLE.

ON November 14th the Sirdar is to be entertained at an "East Anglian" dinner. He has taken the title of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, and of Aspoll in the county of Suffolk. The Sirdar was, it is true, born in County Clare, Ireland, where his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry

Horatio Kitchener, of the 13th Dragoons, purchased an estate under the Irish Encumbered Estates Act; but his father was a native of Suffolk, and his mother a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Chevallier, of Aspoll Hall, Suffolk. Aspoll Hall lies about seven miles south of Eye. It would be difficult to find a more

representative East Anglian house, for it belonged to two Suffolk families for periods of 250 years and 200 years respectively, and a part from its picturesque appearance and its having been the birthplace of one of the parents of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, it is a place of very considerable interest to those who like to see the practical survival of all that was good and sound in country life from a date of more than two centuries ago. Nothing has been abolished, or wasted, or neglected which the ancient owners thought worth establishing and preserving, from the ancient moats and fish-ponds and manor pigeon-house of the fifteenth century to the ponderous cider press of granite which the second of the Chevallier owners of Aspoll caused to be quarried on the coast of Normandy, shipped in a "hoy" to Ipswich, and dragged in sections over some sixteen miles of road to Aspoll before the days of macadam, because he intended to enjoy in Suffolk the beverage he was used to in Jersey, where he had formerly resided.

This permanence is seen even in the records of the ownership of Aspoll. It has



F. Mason Good.

ASPALL HALL.

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only once changed hands, except by heirship, since the days of Henry V. It was then the property of the celebrated Lady Cobham, wife of Sir John Oldcastle, who was executed as a Lollard. In 1464 Edward Brooke, Lord Cobham, held it, and his son Reginald succeeded. The Brookes held it for seven generations in direct descent till the year 1705, when it was purchased by Temple Chevallier, of the Island of Jersey, himself a gentleman of English origin, in spite of his name; for on his mother's side he was descended from John Temple of Stow, in Buckinghamshire, the ancestor of the Duke of Buckingham. The Chevalliers have held it ever since, the present occupant of Aspell being Mr. J. B. Chevallier, who was well known as one of the best athletes of Eton and Cambridge, and played for four years for the Old Etonians in the final ties for the Association Challenge Cup. Temple Chevallier was succeeded in 1722 by Clement Chevallier, also a native of Jersey, who has left his mark on nearly everything about Aspell Hall. The Jersey squire in this ancient Suffolk house was a very interesting character, and "set" the way of life at Aspell on lines which it has always followed more or less ever since. He must have possessed, in a marked degree, that kind of second sight into agriculture and the management of land by which his countrymen have made Jersey the richest island, per square mile, in the world; and though he had a large mansion on an estate of moderate dimensions, he not only "kept up" the one, as we should say now, but greatly improved the other. Agricultural methods never thought of in Suffolk were introduced from Jersey, whence more than a thousand apple trees were imported and planted. The descendants of these trees now form most beautiful ancient orchards, divided by archery lawns, stew ponds, and pleasure grounds on the outer side of the moat. In one orchard some of the remains of the old trees still stand, though they must be at least 150 years old. He planted woods, and made a small park, in which he reared hares and deer for sale, and sent the venison up to London. Being a very methodical man, he kept copies of all his letters in a series of books, which were accidentally discovered some years ago in an old chest. His daily life at Aspell, his experiments and anxieties as to their results, bills for importations from Jersey and Normandy, letters to his relations in the latter country, pretty details about his children, with some charming children's letters, precautions against the French, "who are hovering on our coasts," and much other vivid portraiture of country life at the time of the '45, are there given. Clement Chevallier married a lady from another ancient moated house near, Kenton Hall. He lived to see his apple trees in full

bearing, and to make 8,000 gallons of cider in a season from trees of his own planting. Towards the end of his life he became thoroughly English in his tastes, and wrote an amusing answer to the invitation of some relations to spend Christmas in Normandy, on the ground that he "now preferred the roast beef and plum-pudding of Old England." It is not improbable that

he bequeathed to the Sirdar, among others of his descendants, the faculty of attention to detail which achieved such success on the Nile Expedition. The tradition of making the most of your own land never ceased among the owners of Aspell. His son inherited the Hall, and his grandson "invented" the Chevallier barley, which he grew from a particularly fine ear which he rescued from a cock who was running off with it. Arthur Young made a special pilgrimage to Aspell to see the methods of agriculture there; and the Suffolk red-polled cattle, and also the cider of Aspell, are still famous. The present owner, who is keenly interested in this pleasant and sensible side of country proprietorship, has revived every kind of activity ever practised there except the rearing of deer. The cider is still made in large quantities, the apples being crushed in the ancient granite cider press, and kept in the stores built by the Jersey squire; even the stew ponds are being cleaned and restocked with the tench and carp which were sent as valued presents to friends before the days of railways and sea-fish, and duly recorded in the old gentleman's account books. The great length of the house at Aspell, and the extent of its moat and fish-ponds, are the characteristic features of the place. The moat is a most beautiful object, whether seen from the house or

from across the water. Instead of running under the walls of the house, as in the case of Crow's Hall, Kenton Hall, Helmingham, and other ancient houses near, it was constructed to enclose a long oval island, on which the house is set lengthways. Across this a bridge was thrown

formerly, opposite to the centre of the house. The approach was flanked by another moat, now filled up. Our illustrations scarcely do justice to the beauty of the present circle of water, which still completely surrounds the house, except for a narrow causeway at one extremity of the oval island. As late as the middle of the last century it was looked upon as a defence, and when the French were expected to invade Suffolk, or raid up the Orwell or Deben, the stacks were all built inside the moat. The island on which the house

stands slopes down smooth lawns to the water, with graceful trees set here and there in the turf, ilxes, copper beeches, pines, and laburnums drooping over the water. Beyond are mingled gardens, orchards, flower-beds, herbaceous borders, and the old stew ponds full of bullrushes. At the side, also



F. Mason Good. TREES WITHIN THE MOAT.

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F. Mason Good.

BY THE BRINK OF THE MOAT.

Copyright.

which the house stands slopes down smooth lawns to the water, with graceful trees set here and there in the turf, ilxes, copper beeches, pines, and laburnums drooping over the water. Beyond are mingled gardens, orchards, flower-beds, herbaceous borders, and the old stew ponds full of bullrushes. At the side, also



beyond the moat, is a separate and most picturesque set of gardens, one leading from another, with small ponds, shrubberies, and ancient summer-houses. Beyond these again are more orchards, and a large and ancient wood. Until quite recently a notice warning trespassers against man traps and spring guns was nailed up close to the wood path.

The house was originally built of timber and plaster, but the present facing of brick was put on, in the time of the Brookes, in 1702. It is a single house of one story, with a long passage behind connecting the two wings, and contains a great number of rooms, in some of which are very interesting panelling and fire-places. The fireplace and over-mantel in one of the upper rooms are, so far as the present writer knows, quite unique. The over-mantel, of most beautiful and very early design, is set with small plates of bevelled glass, between carved pillars and frames. In the drawing-room is a most beautiful plaster ceiling, of the date of James I., or perhaps earlier. An ancient window of stained glass, with the arms of the Brookes, was removed to Ufford, the present home of that family in Suffolk. One curious minor feature of the woods, orchards, and plantations at Aspell is possibly ascribable to the old French and Normandy connection of its new proprietors in 1705. Mistletoe, which is very scarce elsewhere in that part of Suffolk, abounds on the Aspell trees, both in the orchards and on the tall poplars by the stream. As mistletoe is the feature of the orchards and woods of Normandy, from whence comes nearly all the quantity shipped to England at Christmas-time, it seems probable that, when importing his apple trees from Jersey and Normandy, Clement Chevallier must have introduced the mistletoe also. We hope it may flourish to grace more centuries of Christmas gatherings at Aspell Hall.

C. J. CORNISH.

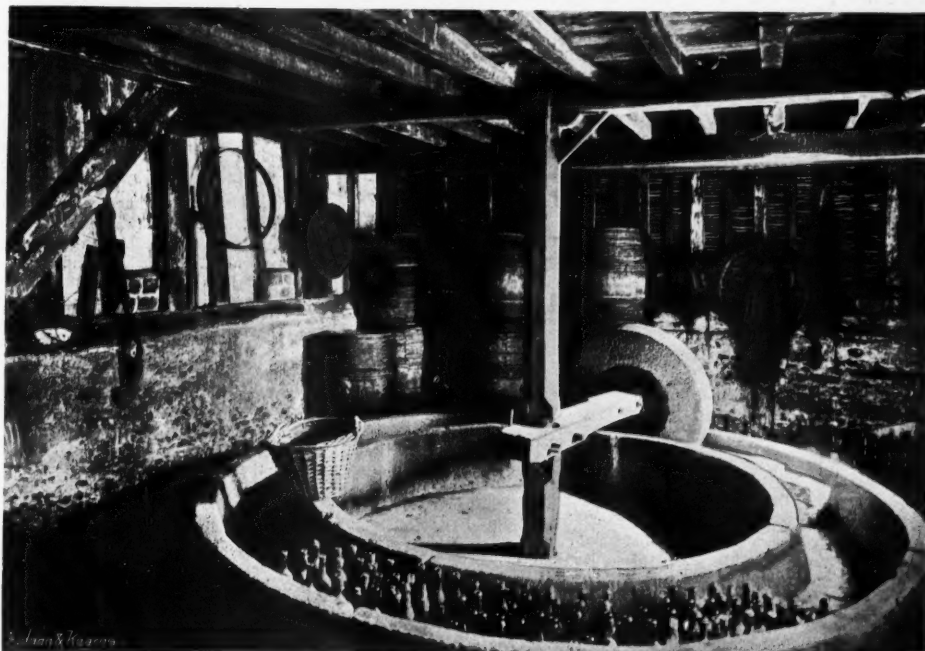
[That slight current of Ancient British blood which still runs in our veins compels the gentle protest that, if Clement Chevallier imported the mistletoe, it was a work of supererogation. Much of the lore concerning the Druids is vague and uncertain, but that they held the mistletoe sacred, which would have been absurd if they had not known it, is established. It is, however, an odd fact that in Anglesey, the dark



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THE SMALL GARDENS.

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ANCIENT GRANITE CIDER PRESS.

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island of forests which was the Druids' last retreat, mistletoe is very rare; but so are trees in these days.—Ed.]



"FINEST Heather Honey" is an alluring advertisement which appears at this season of the year; the honey harvest has been plentiful, and golden honeycomb in a delicate wood fitment is now for sale at so much a pound. Occasionally some enquiring Rosa Dartle asks, "Why is it called heather honey?" and the prompt and final answer, "Oh, because it is dark," usually closes the investigation. But few persons who help themselves to heather honey, while discussing the rival merits of white or brown bread, realise what an exquisite idyll has gone to produce this bountiful repast—for the richest colour and the finest flavour are obtained from the heather-clad hills in the heart of the Scottish Highlands. The rough grey road winds uphill all the way; on one side, high above the road, a small shepherd's hut is perched, built of strong hewn stone, for it has to defy the roughest wind and weather; and after it is left behind there is a solitude where none intrudes. On either side stretches the purple heather; its scent of honey enriches the air, and its fathomless purple tint colours the grand pile of mountains that rise towards the west. The air is exhilarating as new champagne, the sunlight clear as a cauldron; the buzz of the bees as they gather golden heather honey, the rushing roar of a mountain burn, and far off on other moors the bang, bang of the sportsman's gun, are the only sounds which break the deep silence of the hills.

"A populous solitude of bees," for here, just under the roadway and just above the Highland burn, a little colony of bee-hives stand snugly sheltered in a tiny gorge. The thrifty country people at the beginning of the season brought their hives up from the Lowlands and chose this favoured spot in the midst of a world of heather. In these Elysian fields the methodical bees right willingly set to work. On the crags by the burnside birch and fir tree grow, where they find the resin which must help to form their octagonal cells. And on every side and everywhere blooms the heather under the mellow sun which

"sets budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells."

There was an ancient in the days of immortal Greece, Hyliscus by name, who retired into the desert solely that he might enjoy undisturbed the grateful contemplation of bee-hives. But not even the land of Greece, chosen home of the gods, not classic Hybla, or the "honeyed wealth Hymettus yields," could rival this matchless Highland glen, or produce poetry and honey in such a lavish quantity. It was a canny Scot who found this sheltered place, and it seems curious that the love of the beautiful in no way helped to decide his choice. It was against a small boulder, crowned and decked with bracken fern, that the bee-hives had been placed. There were five of them, railed off from the hillside by a rough-wrought fence, for a black-faced ram, or some intrusive Highland cattle, might approach too near with their dangerous horns. Two of the hives were the modern wood box with pointed roof like a miniature dog's kennel; they were painted a deep red, and made a harmonious bit of colour against the grey cliff. Doubtless these newly-contrived, prosaic hutches deliver up the honey in better condition and more readily to hand, but they can never have the artistic value of the old-fashioned hives they have superseded.

"The Old Wife's Treasure" was dressed out as tenderly as though it had been a favourite grandchild, and was too pathetic to be ludicrous. The ancient hive being somewhat crazy, she had done her best to make it water-tight by various devices—first a piece of sacking for warmth, then some white oilcloth, topped by an umbrella of rusty zinc, the whole tied securely round and round with bits of rope. Funereal ceremonies are very fully recognised in the Highlands, and to this old hive the simple mountain dwellers must often have come to tell the bees there was death in the family; and if ever a hive were muffled in crape, assuredly it was this quaint old Highland apiary. It was made of plaited straw well mellowed with age; the indefatigable bees

"Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters . . .  
Fly to and fro, or in the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm . . ."

only this "smoothed plank" needs no meretricious bait to entice the bees; heather bells are as sweet as garden herbs, and the Old Wife's bees make as straight for their humble dwelling as their proud neighbours to their superior hives of wood. On Sunday the old woman goes to the square white church over the hill and sings her favourite verse from the Scottish Psalter, where in rugged metre the Omnipotent Judgment is extolled as being sweeter even than honey—

"Than honey, honey from the comb  
That droppeth, sweeter far."

It reminds the poor soul of her hive up amongst the heather, which, with a wasteful profusion, very literally indeed "droppeth," and never fetches such a good price as honeycomb from the tidily-contrived structures of wood. But it is her only means of adding to her scanty livelihood, and will at least bring her some small gain, enough to buy some hanks of home-spun yarn to knit a spencer jacket to warm her old bones in the bitter winter weather.

Here, close by the hives, leaning on the rough fence, "the murmuring of innumerable bees" and a rich, honeyed fragrance fills the air. The sunlight is golden in the drowsy afternoon, and gradually the shadows lengthen. The bees are too busy to heed a wandering idler, and as they ceaselessly fly to and fro, it is strange to think they are industriously working for their owners, and that each of these brown working bees humming in the heather has a distinct commercial value of its own. Since then honey fetches such a steady price, and is so good to taste, it is fortunate that the busy bee is ever anxious to "improve each shining hour."

HANDASYDE.



#### COLLIES AND GORDON SETTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I fear that the Rev. Hans Hamilton has scarcely considered the difficulty which attends his suggestion that the crosses of Gordon setter and collie should be traced out, though I agree with him that reliable information upon the subject would be most interesting. In the first place, it is but rendering the judges of the past fair justice to say that for the most part they set their faces against encouraging the Gordon setter type, though I am old enough to remember that many criticisms were passed on Mr. Jubb's Mec—not Mee, as it appears in your columns, through an obvious misprint—on account of the setterly appearance which many people accredited him with. The chief offenders in the way of introducing setter blood were the men who bred for the market, and it is scarcely probable that these persons, even after so long a lapse of time, would explain their methods; but most of us will remember the period when the collie was the fashionable dog, and the rage for the objectionable "mahogany" tan. Is it possible either for anyone who has followed the fortunes of the collie to disassociate these warm-tanned dogs with saddle-flap ears and feather running down to the ground? and was not the presence of such high-priced mongrels an eyesore to lovers of the true type of collie at almost every street corner some twenty years ago? I think I am correct too in suggesting to Mr. Hamilton that Mr. W. W. Thomson's Marcus was not a black and tan, but a black and white, and as such was not likely to be identified with a setter cross. The same owner's Hero which he refers to was the great opponent of Mec about the year 1875, if I remember the date, and was unquestionably a collie of the best type, with nothing of the setter in his composition. I am extremely pleased to welcome the president of the Collie Club as a supporter of my contention that the show collies have deteriorated in intelligence in consequence of their never having enjoyed

the advantages of early education, and that "As the progeny of well-broken dogs inherit the good qualities of their parents," an assertion to which I cheerfully subscribe, "all should be trained." Indeed I have every reason for congratulating myself that my former observations should have been the means of obtaining such an expression of opinion from so influential a member of the collie world. The popularity and power of Mr. Hamilton might accomplish much in the way of regenerating the show collie, and perhaps his statements in your columns may result in the institution of sheepdog trials for show dogs at which only prize-winners might compete. At all events, we can all trust that something will now be done to remove the reproach of inutility from the collies which cost hundreds of pounds, after the president of their club has expressed his opinions so candidly in COUNTRY LIFE. Perhaps before concluding you will permit me, as having referred to the taint of Gordon setter cross in some collies of the past, to express the very decided opinion that some of the sables of later years have been crossed with the Borzoi. If not, where else did the narrow conical skulls, which disgrace some prize-winners, come from? Compared with the true sheepdog, the Borzoi is a fool, and so beyond all doubt the possession of such blood by a collie would be a greater calamity than a Gordon setter cross where intelligence and utility are concerned. I fear, however, that the acquisition of reliable information concerning such experiments will be difficult to obtain, as it is to the highest degree improbable that persons resorting to them would be so extremely silly as to take the public into their confidence. Yet, as Mr. Hamilton very truly observes, the experiences of practical collie breeders would be most valuable and interesting, and might throw some light upon the subject of crosses.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON COLLIES.

P.S.—I may state that it is pretty generally accepted as a fact that towards the earlier part of this century a black and white collie bitch was used as a cross for the setters at Gordon Castle, and with excellent results; but of course the occasion of the experiment being attempted was so remote as to have no connection with the Gordon setter cross on collies in the seventies.

#### FALCON AND HAWK-KITE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The instance of a peregrine falcon following a hawk-kite at Hounslow, mentioned in your number of October 29th, may often be paralleled when kites are used to shoot grouse in Scotland late in the season. In a letter forwarded to me some seven years ago, from one who has exceptional facilities for sport on an estate where eagles and all the raptorial birds are now common and preserved, the following note occurs: "We often shoot grouse under a kite at the end of the season, when it would otherwise be impossible to get within shot of them. The kite is made in the shape of an eagle, and is a sure draw for any eagle in the neighbourhood. They come swinging round, completely puzzled, and cannot make it out at all. The other day we were accompanied for two or three hours by an eagle, a falcon, and a merlin, all at the same time."—C.

#### HARDY CYCLAMENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have two beds of hardy cyclamens, principally *C. hederæfolium*, now in flower at Oakwood; these are so pretty, and so suggestive of banks in a foreign country, that they are, I think, worth noting. One bed is of old plants, the other of seedlings. My son, Mr. Scott Wilson, took two photographs of the latter—one with the flowers before many of the leaves had come up, the other after. *Cyclamen hederæfolium* has the great merit of having beautiful leaves, even when there are no flowers. Cyclamens grow best with us on rather moist banks, with a good deal of shade. We have one bed for experiment on a somewhat dry bank in full sun; in this there are sometimes good flowers. The late dry season has punished it a good deal, and there is as yet little growth showing, but I think some flowers will come later. The shade cultivation is much the easiest, unless artificial watering is given, and for this we cannot afford time.—GEORGE F. WILSON.

[We reproduce one of the pictures kindly forwarded by our correspondent.]





A WASP AND A BULLDOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a Maltese bulldog, who shows infinite wisdom on every other subject save that of wasps. He cannot realise that wasps were not created as the natural food for bulldogs, and invariably discredits my warnings on the subject of a waspish diet. He continues, therefore, in his reckless career of catching and swallowing every wasp within a reachable radius. Recently he had the ill-luck to encounter a retaliating specimen—it must have been almost the last wasp of summer—and his painful experience of the havoc which a live wasp may create in a bulldog interior lasted for upwards of two hours. In revenge for being caught in his massive jaw, whence there is no hope of escape, wasps have systematically stung him throughout the hot season on lips and throat. Their efforts were to no practical purpose, such things being mere pin pricks to his cast-iron cuticle, and he has long regarded himself as the duly-constituted domestic wasp trap. But his day of reckoning came when he happened to swallow, without due mastication, a wasp sturdy and smart enough to realise that, before breathing his last, he could take a swift sharp revenge on the stomach of this formidable enemy of his race. This possibility was a new development in the wasp-killing record of my Maltese bulldog. I happened to witness the wasp-swallowing incident, so that I was not surprised some minutes later when two or three members of the household announced in tragic tones that the bulldog had gone suddenly mad, and must perforce be shot. A workman on the premises took refuge in the tool-house, as well he might, for the dog in his agony dramatically suggested a sudden rabies. His tongue, swollen and blackened, hung from his mouth, the whites of his eyes rolled in a real agony, and his whole appearance was so fierce that I deemed it prudent to chain him to his kennel. The nearest doctor—the "vet." lived too far away to be readily available—agreed with me in thinking the struggle of wasp *versus* bulldog would probably result in the worsening of the latter. We did not reckon sufficiently on the tenacity and life-grip of the breed. His appearance was tragic and piteous, and for two whole hours he rolled over and over in acute pain, his hair on end, and great knotty swellings all over his body. The wasp poison was evidently potent. Between the paroxysms, which occurred at short intervals, the doctor administered huge doses of opium and chloral, these being carefully made into pills coated with Turkish delight, a comestible which forms the chief joy of this canine's commissariat. Now whether the result be due to the vast quantity of narcotics administered, together with a fair amount of whisky, which is another weakness of this epicurean "bull," or whether it was a fair struggle between his healthiness and the wasp virus, I do not attempt to

judge. At the expiration of a couple of hours his intolerable sufferings ceased, and he made a sudden convalescence. The same afternoon this incorrigible wasp-catcher was found contentedly chewing up another of his winged enemies.—K.

THE CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The decision that has been arrived at to establish a London County Cricket Club at the Crystal Palace, and the very probable inclusion of the new body in the ranks of the counties which compete for the championship, inspired me to address COUNTRY LIFE, as a paper which is widely read by country gentlemen, with a suggestion concerning the method employed for calculating points. I do not believe that the present rule of scoring one point for wins, nothing for draws, and striking an average in decimals, is either a fair means of settling the question of the championship, or acceptable to the public. It certainly is conducive to the practice of playing for a draw; and the position at one time held by Notts at the beginning of the year must have opened the eyes of a good number of cricketers to the possibility of a team going through the whole season without winning a match, and yet gaining the coveted championship. This, of course, would be reducing the county contests to the level of absurdity; but as the evil I have alluded to is quite possible, would it not be better to try to obviate its occurrence? May I suggest, therefore, that the following proposal be considered, namely, the winners of a match to score two points, whilst in the case of drawn games the side which has led on the first innings should score one point. This would effectively put an end to the methods of the stonewallers, and would, in my opinion, be accepted by the public and the teams as a more desirable basis of calculating the points. I should like to see the M.C.C. pass a new law of cricket which, in the case of home and home matches, would give the team who lost the toss upon the first occasion the choice of innings when they met for the second time, for we all know how many results depend upon the spin of the coin; whilst the good luck of some captains in winning the toss is proverbial, though others never seem to call right. I could write much more upon the uncertainties of our national game which might be obviated, but the element of chance is always more or less appreciated by sportsmen, as it lends a zest to their amusements, and raises them above the dead and uninteresting level of mathematical certainties. The question of calculating points for the championship is, however, another matter, and as the present method is unsatisfactory to almost every cricketer, it appears that the meeting of county secretaries at Lord's in December would be a very proper occasion for discussing some new arrangement.—LONDON COUNTY.



SOME BYEWAYS OF GAME COOKERY.

THERE are not many forms of animal food, using the term in its liberal sense, which are less apt to become monotonous than feathered game. Although one does not easily tire of partridges, pheasants, grouse, etc., cooked in the conventional manner, it is always pleasant to have a change; and therefore I am giving some ideas with a view to assisting a cook in varying the methods of serving the birds, which are, so to speak, forced upon her day after day at the present time of year.

PHEASANT A LA BELLE ILE.

Cut a well-hung pheasant up into joints and neat pieces, dust these with salt and pepper, put two tablespoonfuls of salad oil into a frying-pan, and, as soon as it is quite boiling, add the pheasant and fry for twelve minutes, taking care to turn the meat frequently so that it may not acquire any colour. As the pieces are done, place them on blotting-paper, and drain very thoroughly to free them from the oil. Make a sauce as follows:—Put one and a-half ounces of butter into a sauté-pan with an onion cut into slices, a small tomato, also sliced, a little parsley, and the bones and carcase of the bird chopped up; fry all together for ten minutes, then add an ounce of flour; cook this for a few minutes, and pour in gradually a pint of brown sauce. Let it boil up, season with black pepper, salt, and cayenne, add an ounce of glaze, a wineglass of Madeira, and about half the quantity of mushroom liquor; draw the pan to the side of the fire, and let the contents simmer for twelve minutes. Then add sufficient carmine to make the sauce a rich reddish-brown; strain it, and it will be ready for use. Place the pheasant in a clean sauté-pan; pour the sauce over it, cover the pan, and let the bird cook for one hour in a moderately hot oven. Put a glass of hock and half a glass of sherry into a small saucepan, and thicken with a little corn-flour which has been mixed until smooth with a small quantity of cold water. Let the wine boil up, then add two dozen button mushrooms, sliced, half a pound of white grapes, with the skins removed, eighteen glacé cherries cut into halves, and three truffles, thinly sliced. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and let the fruit, etc., simmer for ten minutes. Arrange the pheasant neatly on a low border of sieved rice, place the fruit garnish in the middle, and strain the brown sauce round the dish. The above recipe is equally suitable for grouse.

QUENELLES A LA VIVENDIERE.

Take ten ounces of raw game (half hare and half grouse, pheasant, or partridge may be used), pass it through a mincing machine and pound it in a mortar until quite smooth, and put it aside on a plate. Pound six ounces of panada in the mortar for five minutes, then by degrees blend the game with the panada, pounding all the time; season the mixture with salt, black pepper, and a very little mace, add two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of thick white sauce, and pass the whole through a sieve. Butter some quenelle moulds and garnish them alternately with strips of finely-cut tongue, cucumber (cooked), and truffle, then fill them with the prepared quenelle farce and poach them in game stock for twenty minutes. Turn the quenelles out of the moulds, glaze them, and dish them up on a border of spinach; pour some rich brown sauce, to which a little port wine has been added, round the dish, and fill the middle with artichokes cooked as follows:—Prepare some Jerusalem artichokes in the usual way for boiling, trimming them very neatly, and put them into a saucepan with some boiling water and milk, mixed in equal proportions; when they are rather more than half done drain them and let them get cold, then cut them into long strips, about a quarter of an inch in thickness; dip them into butter, and fry in a bath of boiling fat until they are of a gold colour; place them on blotting-paper for a few seconds, and use as directed.

HOW TO COOK OLD BIRDS.

Partridges and other birds which are no longer in their first youth require something more than roasting to make them palatable and digestible. The following method of braising partridges is to be recommended: Cover the breasts of the birds with slitted bacon, wrap them in buttered paper, and place them in a stewpan on a bed of vegetables. Add a bunch of herbs, a dozen peppercorns, a blade of mace, and four cloves (tied together in muslin), and pour in sufficient stock to cover the birds; put the lid on the pan, and place it in a moderate oven for about an hour. Serve the partridges with celery sauce poured over them, and garnish the dish with spaghetti à l'Italienne. Put some spaghetti which has been carefully boiled in a saucepan, with an ounce of butter divided into small pieces; season with cayenne and celery salt, and stir in as much tomato purée as can be blended with the spaghetti. When it is quite hot sprinkle in a little grated Parmesan cheese, and use at once.

A pheasant which threatens to be tough can be made tender by being cooked according to the directions given above, but in this case, one and a-half hours should be allowed. The bird should be stuffed with liver farce, and covered with rich white oyster sauce. A garnish of salsify would be suitable.

## A COLD SUPPER DISH.

Cut a brace of roast pheasants, which have been allowed to get cold, into neat pieces; remove the skin and the superfluous bones, and mask the meat with golden aspic jelly. Serve on a socle of rice, and fill the middle of the dish with a salad composed of sliced oranges, bottled cherries, and French plums (which have been stewed), and the whole dressed with a small quantity of lemon-juice and oil. The salad should be garnished with sprays of chervil.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



THERE may be better readers and reciters in the world than Mr. Clifford Harrison; if so, I have not heard them; but at any rate he is a practised reciter of high merit, and his little book on "Reading and Readers" (Methuen) is well worthy of study. He refers, of course, to the almost forgotten art of reading out loud, and his work is pleasant as well as useful. But the present topic is the subject of the book rather than Mr. Harrison's treatment of it. The art of reading aloud, entirely neglected as it is at the majority of even our public schools, is dead, or at best moribund, in England. Even in my own boyhood the ladies at a country house would often ply their needles at fine work while one of their number, or a captured male, read aloud to them passages—instructive, or poetical, or exciting, or humorous, according to their orders. They would as soon think of flying now. In those same days our great novelists, Thackeray and Dickens, read extracts from their own books not only to American but also to English audiences; and in literary memoirs one often lights on the young poet or novelist reading his treasured piece aloud to a critical or applauding friend. In these days a threat to inflict this process would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be regarded as an outrage, and to carry out the threat would be impossible, unless the victim were bed-ridden. Public readings have fallen into almost entire disuse in this country; public reading, even that of clergymen, who certainly ought to receive special training, is atrociously bad as a whole. The art has perished with the demand for it; it is not wanted.

The reason, I think, is easy to discover. Our age is not leisurely. We cannot spare either from our pleasures or from our work the time which is demanded of those who listen to a reader. Without being a Macaulay, able apparently to assimilate the contents of a printed page at a glance and to remember those contents for years, one can follow a writer's meaning by the eye infinitely more rapidly than by the ear; and the former process, if one has any intelligence at all, is much the more satisfactory. To pause, on occasion, for reflection on the beauties of a passage; to consider whether the author is right on this point or on that; to hurry forward, in fact to "skip," when the book begins to grow tiresome—all these are privileges of the silent reader from which the mere listener is debarred. Nevertheless, since some amount of public reading for official or religious purposes is likely to be practised for some years, Mr. Harrison's book is welcome, and may be influential for good. But I must respectfully question his statement that "most of us are grateful for 'being read to' sometimes." Very few of the present generation will tolerate the process, and if the Americans flocked to Mr. "Anthony Hope's" readings, the chances are that the pleasure they anticipated was of the eye, not the ear.

The *Academy* reproduces in fac-simile about a third of a page of the late Mr. Harold Frederic's MS. of "Gloria Mundi," the pathetically-named novel which appeared so shortly after his premature and needless death. It is very small and very clear, and the literary journal adds "few authors' copy is so good." That I take leave to deny. Authors vary in hand-writing, as other men and women vary, but an astonishing number of them, past and present, have written or write in beautiful and clear characters. Look, for example, at the fac-simile extracts from Thackeray's letters and writings which figure in the biographical edition, or at Charlotte Brontë's MS., or Mr. Gilbert Parker's, or that of Mr. Frederic Greenwood. Mr. "Anthony Hope's" hand-writing is not elegant, indeed it reminds one of that of a High School girl; and Mr. "Seton Merriman's" is cramped and angular, but both are absolutely legible. Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Kipling, and Professor Max Muller also write with neatness and beauty. Two points, however, which Mr. Frederic had in common with all of those who have been named, are worth mentioning. He obviously laboured to place as many words as might be on a single page, and he wrote with his own hand. The first habit comes rapidly to men who write much, and it facilitates reference. Moreover, the mere aspect of that which has been written is sometimes a help. For the rest, very few men or women can afford to save themselves the labour of writing with their own hands, and in nine cases out of ten dictation spells diffuseness.

"Aylwin," Mr. Watts Dunton's novel, is proving eminently successful, and it is announced that he will devote himself for the future entirely to creative work. From my knowledge of the sources of information open to the journal in which this piece of news is published, I think it more than probable that it is correct. Even better news is it that Mr. Watts Dunton, whose coyness to woo the public favour has been very remarkable in an assertive age, has two other volumes almost ready for publication. He will undoubtedly be accepted as a standard novelist. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that the publishers will keep to the same binding and size throughout. Nothing is more irritating to a book-lover than to see successive volumes by the same author issued in many sizes and in dresses of many colours.

Wise men and women made a rush for the circulating libraries, personally or by letter, on Monday of this week, when the third volume of the history of Maga and the Blackwoods was given to the world. Mrs. Gerald Porter, who has written and edited the volume, has had an exceptionally difficult task to fulfil, for she has been called upon to complete the task which Mrs. Oliphant began. But Mr. John Blackwood's daughter has done her work exceedingly well, and the volume is full of good stories concerning literary giants of the past: George Eliot, Charles Lever, Trollope, "Larry" Oliphant, Charles Reade, Whately, Sir Theodore Martin, Burton, Speke, Bulwer Lytton, Kingslake,

and a score besides were clients or acquaintances of John Blackwood, and the stories concerning them are full of interest.

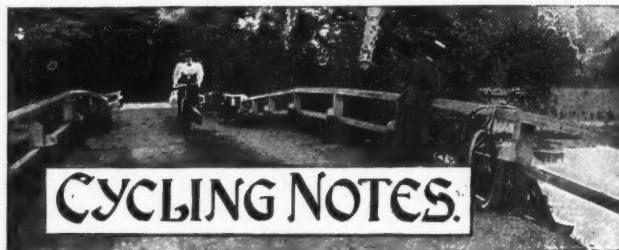
A book of this week which is sure to excite much interest of a quiet kind is the "Correspondence of Princess Elizabeth of England, Landgravine of Hesse Homburg" (Unwin). The Landgravine was a capital letter-writer of the old-fashioned school, and was indefatigable in her correspondence with her English friends. Having enjoyed the privilege of reading many letters from her of which Mr. Philip Yorke is hardly likely to have known the resting-place, I make this assertion with some confidence. If the book has the success which it is likely to attain, Mr. Yorke will very likely find that there exists quite enough material for another instalment of the correspondence. Another book of the week of great interest will be Sir Edward Hamilton's "Reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone" (Murray). By the way, it was stated in these columns at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death that Mr. John Morley would almost certainly be his biographer. That is to be the case, and there is no doubt that the work, which cannot fail to be interesting, will be an admirable piece of literature. At the same time there is reason in the doubts of those who question whether Mr. Morley is quite the man to appreciate the intense religious conviction which was an essential part of Mr. Gladstone's character and life.

Mr. E. T. Cook's guide to the National Gallery has long been known as the best, the most accurate, and almost the only thing of its kind. His attention has now been directed to the Tate Gallery, and the result is the "Popular Handbook to the Tate Gallery" (Macmillan), which is indispensable, judicious, and flawless.

## Books to order from the library:—

- "Chitral: The History of a Minor Siege." Sir George Robertson. (Methuen.)
- "Rambles in Lion Land." Captain Pearce. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Gloria Mundi." Harold Frederic. (Heinemann.)
- "The Castle Inn." S. J. Weyman. (Smith, Elder.)
- "Bismillah." W. J. Dawson. (Macmillan.)
- "Since the Beginning." Hugh Clifford. (Grant Richards.)

LOOKER-ON.



EFFICIENCY is always the prime consideration with cycling mechanics, and convenience in many instances has to play second fiddle as a consequence. Nevertheless, it is matter for surprise that questions of convenience which do not involve a sacrifice of efficiency are not more frequently considered by cycle-makers generally. There are exceptions to the rule, and I am delighted to see, in a preliminary announcement of some forthcoming exhibits at the shows, the statement that in the Osmond 1899 machine "the bracket can be shifted without disturbing the balls, the front wheel taken out without springing the forks, and the back wheel can be removed by loosening one nut." This is almost too good to be true; but I will undertake to say that if these improvements are really introduced, and prove to in no wise impair the working efficiency of the machine, every maker will quickly have to follow suit with something to similar effect. All these improvements, not to mention others, are badly needed. The cleaning of the crank bracket is at present a work of needless difficulty; the taking out of the front wheel varies in difficulty according to the individual machine, some front fork blades being much stiffer than others, while the hole for the spindle-end is larger in some machines than in others. In every case, however, the task of removing the front wheel, if not difficult, is certainly not as easy as it reasonably might be. In this respect we have retrograded instead of advanced, for at one time the fork ends were slotted instead of pierced, and the wheel could be drawn off downwards.

It is the back wheel, however, which presents most trouble, and I shall be interested to see the means by which the Osmond designers have effected the improvement which is in prospect. Rhetorically speaking, everything is wrong about the back wheel, where convenience is concerned. The existing style of chain adjustment is clumsy; there is no means of instantaneously and with certainty ensuring an exactly central position of the wheel between the stays, and the withdrawal of the wheel is a work of difficulty even when the chain has been removed. When these points have some day been attended to, cyclists will wonder why they have suffered the several inconveniences for so long a period.

An able article appeared a short time ago in the *Lancet* under the title of "Practical Hints on Cycling for Country Practitioners," by Dr. J. B. Emmerson. Though individual objections might be raised on certain points of detail, the article throughout was based on practical experience, and the advice given was generally sound. In the last issue of the same paper another doctor adds his testimony to the value of the cycle, and incidentally quotes one or two interesting facts that have come within his own experience. "It is wonderful," he says, "the long distances ordinary riders can cover without much fatigue. A young girl of my acquaintance, ten years of age, rode to a watering-place upwards of 40 miles from her home, and afterwards spent the greater part of the day on the sands playing with her little friends. But a greater feat than this was performed recently by the Rev. Henry Watney, rector of Canwick, Lincoln, who rode from Lincoln to a place six miles beyond Newbury, in Hants, a distance of 165 miles, in one day, and on the following day did not feel the least fatigued." This is a very good performance for an ordinary rider, and speaks well for the muscular Christianity in the rector of Canwick.

The ride is not a record one, however, even among the non-professional class of riders. One of the present Oxford dons is a most enthusiastic cyclist, and covers immense distances on every available opportunity. As a sample of his prowess I may mention that he accompanied the North Road Cycling Club on their last jaunt from London to York. This annual event is the feature of the year in the programme of that hard-riding body, the members taking part in the affair assembling at midnight at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and riding straight



through to York, 200 miles away, before nine o'clock the next evening. The Oxford gentleman in question, however, went one better, for he rode all the way from Oxford to the starting-point before embarking on this arduous journey.

A story has been going the rounds of a cyclist in Central Africa who was chased for a distance of two miles by a lion. The road was rough for the first portion of the journey, and the odds seemed to be with the lion, but on reaching smoother ground the cyclist was able to distance the quadruped. Even more exciting, however, is the story published in *Land and Water*, by Mr. Fred Wishaw, of his being chased by wolves in Russia. Five of these beasts started in pursuit of the cyclist when he had at least ten miles to go before he could reach a place of safety. He rode for all he was worth for a couple of miles, and then ventured to glance back, but found that the brutes had gained 100 yds. at least. Another two miles were covered, and he took another peep, only to find that the wolves were hardly 200 yds. away, the leader already licking his lips in anticipation of overtaking the quarry. Then the cyclist tried ringing his bell loudly and continuously. No sooner did the first clang of the gong ring out than the wolves, every one of them, stopped and disappeared behind the trees. The cyclist gave a yell of defiance and delight, and dashed on, ringing away for dear life. But his triumph was short-lived. On looking back a few minutes later, he found that his foes were again in full pursuit. He had gained a little, however. On he flew, but the wolves made up their lost ground, and were now within 50 yds. Then the cyclist ran into a rut, was capsized, and he and his machine were buried a couple of feet deep in the snow at the side of the road. The conclusion of his narrative is dramatic:—"I gave myself up for lost. All this did not take long to happen, and as I emerged from the snow I was in time to see two things. The first object which met my gaze was a magnificent bull elk, followed by four smaller ones, just in the act of trotting across the road not

100 yds. from me, striding through the snow at a long trot, their heads well raised and resting back on their shoulders. The other object was the pack of wolves. Scarcely 50 yds. behind me when I upset, these were upon me in a moment, and I had barely time to seize the heavy spanner of my machine and put my back to a tree, when, to my delight, the wolves—then but 5 yds. from me—pricked up their ears, passed me like a flash of lightning, and darted away in pursuit of the elk. I picked up my bicycle, and, to put it mildly, rode away with all speed." The hero of the lion story blamed himself for indulging in moonlight rides, but the Russian adventurer had not even that consolation. He was hunting elk, and himself was hunted.

Some extraordinary figures are published in the *Hub* this week anent the growth of cycling traffic in the great city of Chicago. It appears that two years ago an actual count was taken, to decide a wager, of the number of persons who cycled to work, and with a like object another count has just been made in the same manner. In 1896 no less than 5,026 men and 117 women were scheduled as entering or leaving the city between six and nine a.m. on a given morning; but, large as these figures were, they were completely eclipsed by those of the present year, when 10,001 men and 521 women were counted. The greatest rush was between half-past seven and eight o'clock, and in one street alone 211 machines were checked in one minute. It is calculated that the aggregate of the tram fares saved by these cyclists would amount to the comfortable sum of 250,000 dol. in one season, which would more than pay for the annual deterioration and repair of the 10,000 bicycles, although the calculation as to the tram fares was only based on six months' cycling out of the twelve. From the details given, the count appears to have been a genuine and systematic affair, and the figures are of distinct value as showing the economic value of the cycle to the business community.

THE PILGRIM.



## THE "MUSKETEERS" AT HER MAJESTY'S.

HERE we have Dumas *de luxe*—perhaps one ought to say Dumas diluted *de luxe*. Here it is spectacle first, acting second, and story third. There are three or four scenes of excellent drama in Mr. Grundy's version at Her Majesty's Theatre; but they are only striking on their own account—they do not form links in a chain growing stronger and stronger towards its end. Why everybody is doing everything is not very clear; they all do it very nicely, and they do it among luxurious surroundings, but the wherefore is decidedly hazy. Mr. Grundy saw the danger, and gave us a prologue, the action of which takes place some years before that of the play proper—a prologue in which we see Miladi branded for her crime of sacrilege in seducing the young priest from his vows, and learn that she deserted the apostate because the Vicomte de la Fère wished to make her his wife. This is all very nice and dramatic, but its interest is not the interest of the play; it would have been excellent as part of the scheme, if the scheme had been to tell us, first and foremost, the story of Miladi and De la Fère, *alias* Athos. But it is nothing of the kind; it is the story of D'Artagnan, mixed up with a more or less shadowy Miladi. And since Mr. Grundy has very wisely not scrupled to alter Dumas for the purposes of his play, why did he miss the magnificent opportunity of giving us a thrilling scene between the Vicomte and his wife, where he would learn that she is not dead, but is the arch enemy of the Queen he reverences and the comrade he loves? What a chance for the dramatist!

Before we tell why "The Musketeers" will be a great and deserved success, let us take the more churlish part first and get our fault-finding over. Mr. Grundy is, without doubt, the cleverest adapter of our time, one of the most brilliant and polished dramatists. But his work in this instance does not show his usual skill. In Mr. Hamilton's version of the same book the writer saw the necessity of strong love interest. What did he do? He made the mainspring of every action of D'Artagnan his love for Gabrielle. He served the Queen because in all her dangers Gabrielle was involved. The fate of the Queen and that of her lady-in-waiting were indissolubly entwined. In Mr. Grundy's version there is hardly any love interest at all; certainly none with any conviction. This may be more in the period, more "atmospheric," so to speak, but it is not such good drama. So, in Mr. Hamilton's play, the hate of the Cardinal for Her Majesty has a human motive allied to the motive of statecraft. The love she gave to Buckingham Richelieu coveted. The diamond story, too, is more completely set out. His D'Artagnan tells us vividly and thrilling by what happened;

Mr. Grundy leaves it all to our imagination. Mr. Hamilton makes Buckingham an interesting figure in his narrative—the Buckingham interest runs right through the play; at Her Majesty's Buckingham enters the story in its centre, no one knows very clearly why—he is a lay figure, thrust into the plot without rhyme or reason. Mr. Grundy has one scene of real drama, that of Miladi's apartments, where D'Artagnan comes to woo. Mr. Hamilton has many such scenes—two of them, where D'Artagnan comes from behind the arras to save the honour of the Queen against the charges of His Eminence the Cardinal-Duke; the other where he visits Miladi in disguise. Both are intensely and admirably devised and carried out.

What, then, are the merits of Mr. Grundy's play? First and foremost, its "atmosphere"—a cant phrase so expressive that it must be used, dislike it as one may. Mr. Hamilton's work might have been a story of any country and any period; the people might have been English, or French, or Spanish, in any of the middle centuries. They did not suggest Dumas except by their actions. Mr. Grundy gets the feeling of time and place over the footlights; we seem to breathe the very air breathed by Dumas' men and women in the days of Louis Treize. The environment in which Mr. Grundy places them, the environment of language, of action, of place, are French of the time. There is an exactness of impression; Mr. Grundy seems to have steeped himself in the spirit of the period he is illustrating—Mr. Grundy, Mr. Tree, and all around them. That is why "The Musketeers" has a flavour and a bouquet not possessed by other versions, though it may not be so dramatically strong.

But, when we come to gauge the reason for the overwhelming triumph of the production at Her Majesty's, there are two other things which claim precedence. One is the sense of stately grandeur over the whole thing, of "bigness," of poetry and glamour; the other the superb pictures, the splendid pageant, which decorate the play. Taste, money, infinite care have been bestowed on every department of the lovely spectacle. Not even "Julius Cæsar" was more imposing. The gruesome prologue; the bright and animated "set" of the exterior of the inn, where D'Artagnan enters on his woe-begone pony, and first meets the radiantly beautiful Miladi; the solid scene of the Louvre, alive with gorgeously-caparisoned Musketeers, full of the movement of troops, bustling with the excitement of duels and scrimmages; the Queen's Corridor, decorated with the lovely dresses of ladies-in-waiting, tire-women, and pages; and, most magnificent of all, the ball in the Hotel de Ville, the stage crowded with superb costumes and uniforms of a brilliancy which

positively dazzles—all these moving tableaux compose a production than which nothing more striking has been seen in a theatre. They are not only superlatively grand, they are remarkably tasteful—a much rarer quality.

The moments in the play which are more than pictorially effective are, first and foremost, the scene in the apartments of Miladi, where D'Artagnan, in the beginning an easy victim of her blandishments, sees the fleur-de-lys upon her shoulder, and jumps from the window just in time to escape the bullets of the Cardinal's guards. The return of the Musketeers with the diamonds is another dramatically exciting incident. We see the Queen in despair, the jewels cannot reach her in time; suddenly we hear the clatter of horses' hoofs, at first in the distance, growing rapidly nearer, till they enter the courtyard below with a rattle and a dash; the cries of the sentries without, the giving of the password at every point, and then the entry of the cavaliers, thoroughly spent, speechless with their exertions, exhausted and panting—capital and thrilling drama. These, with many grateful touches of humour throughout, help to make the play something more than a gorgeous panorama, and add their quota to the general success.

Mr. Tree is a fine romantic D'Artagnan, a dashing, handsome, courtly cavalier, *de bon air*, boastful, swaggering, lithe, and nonchalant. Mr. Tree gives us a D'Artagnan who is French, a D'Artagnan of the period, a D'Artagnan who charms and amuses. Mrs. Brown Potter surprised us by her unmannered grip and abandon; she has thrown off her tricks of speech and bearing; she acts with naturalness and conviction; she has a twinkling sense of fun, and she is a vision of beauty. In the scene with D'Artagnan, and in the last act, where she is saved from death by his intercession, she plays with a variety and a skill which delight and surprise us. The three Musketeers of Messrs. Calvert, Mills, and Du Maurier are cleverly differentiated, capably humorous, and brimful of colour. Mr. Lewis Waller plays the small part of Buckingham with fervour and power; the love-scenes between him and the Queen—another small part, to which Mrs. Tree gives earnestness, pathos, and reality—are beautifully done. Mr. Franklin McLeay's Cardinal is a disappointment, for which the actor is not responsible, the author has drawn the character on such trite and obvious lines. Mr. Herbert Ross, the King, and Miss Mabel Love, the Queen's favourite, Constance, play unimportant characters in pleasant but not brilliant fashion. Mr. Percival Stevens is a splendid De Tréville, Mr. Allan a quaint Bonacieux.

B. L.



"BROTHER Officers" at the Garrick Theatre has an attraction, in spite of the fact that it cannot be described as a satisfactory play. There is something about it which makes one sorry that it is not a great deal better; and this much can be said with perfect justice—we shall look forward to the next work of its author, Mr. Leo Trevor, with a great deal of interest. "Brother Officers" has a very excellent first act, despite its undue length; if the two that followed were upon the same plane of merit, there would have been no shadow of doubt of its success.

The fault lies in the fact that the author leaves the scheme he laid down for himself in the opening of the play. Therein, he made us extremely interested in the development along certain lines of a certain character. We wanted to see the growth of Lieutenant Hinds, promoted from the ranks into a gentleman. So long as this was skilfully lined, and the incidents helped along the scheme of characterisation, it would not have been very much mattered what the story was the author had to tell. It must have been an interesting story, of course; what one wishes to convey is that the skilful exploitation of the growth of John Hinds, V.C., was the end to be aimed at, and that everything should have been dependent upon and subordinate to it. The proof of the skilful playwright would have been in environing this development with interesting drama. Instead of this, however, we lose sight of this phase of the piece, which hereafter becomes mere semi-melodrama, the action depending upon external circumstances instead of upon the disposition and character of Hinds.

One good thing was accomplished by Mr. Trevor. He provided the opportunity for Mr. Arthur Bourchier to prove to us that he is a fine actor when his author gives him something to go upon; when he has proper material upon which to work—something with character and individuality in it. His Hinds was admirable.

In the next issue of COUNTRY LIFE some reasons will be given why "The Manœuvres of Jane" is not to be considered worthy of a prominent English playwright or a leading London theatre. For the first time in the history of the present management of the Haymarket, a non-success—artistically, at any rate—has to be recorded. It is curious that this first disappointment should have come through the first original, unadapted work produced under the ægis of Messrs. Harrison and Maude. It is an unpleasant side-light on the present condition of the English drama, already overrun with adaptations from foreign plays or native novels.

"The Christian" is coming, sooner or later, to the Duke of York's Theatre. Will Mr. Waring be the Storm and Miss Evelyn Millard the Glory? It does

not seem a happy choice for the heroine, for Miss Millard is essentially of the sunny type of femininity. But this is dangerous ground. Was not once a critic castigated for forecasting Miss Ellen Terry's unsuitability to a Shakespearian character? To prevent any such disaster, it had better be stated at once that, if Miss Millard *does* play the part, she will probably surprise us all.

So the new play at Daly's Theatre, whenever a new play there is needed—which will certainly not be this year, at any rate—is to be from the pen of Mr. E. A. Morton, the well-known critic of the *Referee*. Mr. Morton will give us a musical piece on a Chinese subject, and Miss Marie Tempest, who is to be the heroine, will have the opportunity of strutting through a part of the entertainment in the habiliments of masculinity. Though Chinese local colour is somewhat like Japanese, Mr. George Edwardes no doubt will be able to make the new piece as beautiful as "The Geisha" without in any way recalling it.

Mr. Charles Hawtreys new piece to follow "Lord and Lady Algy," which is accomplishing the miracle of crowding the Avenue Theatre, and which will run probably till next Easter, will be also from the pen of Mr. R. C. Carton, and will be a comedy of the same *genre*, depicting the lives of "smart" Society, though, of course, in quite different circumstances from those of his present work. Mr. Carton has "struck oil" with this class of play, and he does wisely; to work the well "for all it is worth." No better interpreter of the man of Lord Algy's type exists on the English stage than Mr. Charles Hawtreys, so the alliance between him and Mr. Carton is a particularly happy one.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is now hard at work on another play, presumably of "The Sign of the Cross" genus. If it proves another Biblical story worked up on the dramatic lines of that startling play, Mr. Barrett may hope to achieve another triumph. At the same time he will remember "The Daughters of Babylon" and understand that, religion or no religion, on the stage "the play's the thing."

## Huntsmen and Their Methods.

AT the covert-side many of those interesting little problems that surround the sport of fox-hunting come up for discussion, and one often hears many probable and improbable solutions put forward. Not the least interesting of these questions is the one that relates to the running of foxes and the best way to obtain a good straight gallop. On this subject we overheard the other day an interesting conversation which took place while hounds were drawing a large covert, where foxes were not over-plentiful, so that ample time was given for uninterrupted disquisition. After some preliminary argument, one speaker gave it as his opinion that the closer to the fox hounds came out of covert the straighter the former was likely to run; another declared that if hounds were very near their fox, that wily animal usually made very sharp turns, but that no more than a field or two should separate them; while a third declared that foxes often ran very straight when they obtained a good start and were not flurried at the commencement. Of course, every huntsman endeavours to get away as close to his fox as possible, in order that the scent shall not be weakened by delay, in fact, some will go on with only a few hounds; and whether this mode of hunting produces the best sport is very doubtful. There are many arguments that could be advanced in favour of each of the three contentions we have named, for foxes are very uncertain animals; and although a few general rules may be given as to their running, the exceptions are many. For instance, there are some foxes that will not leave home unless hounds can really press them, while there are others that seem to lose their heads when the pack are close to them, and again another division will not face the open until they obtain a fair chance of getting away unobserved; but one of the latter class often reckons without his host, and a lynx-eyed whip views him stealing away, and prudently does not give a view-holloa until he has gone too far to retreat. Most foxes when beaten and hard pressed by hounds in the open will run short, and twist and turn about in all directions, in fact a fox that knows that his strength is gone is a very difficult animal to hunt and will seek shelter anywhere; and this accounts for the way in which beaten foxes often manage to escape their pursuers.

Perhaps no man studied the habits of the fox more than Tom Smith, the author of "The Life of a Fox," and also of "The Reminiscences of the Huntsman," and, like all great masters of the art of fox-hunting, he had his own theories and methods, which were based on his vast practical experience. His system, to judge by contemporary writers, was by no means perfect, but it undoubtedly suited his own style of hunting, and in consequence he was able to show grand sport in those countries in which he carried the horn. Nimrod writes of him as follows: "There was too much wildness in his proceedings—too much of the man, if I may be allowed the expression, and not enough of the hounds, to satisfy a lover of hunting. I admit that there was something enthusiastically cheering in seeing him dash through a strong covert, come out of it with the leading hound, and, with hat in hand and cheering holla, ride away with the few couples that came next, apparently thinking nothing of those left behind. But where was his eye at this time? On his hounds? Often not, but forward to some point which his intuitive knowledge of the line foxes take induced him to believe his had taken, and six times in ten he was right." Here we have an example of one distinct system of hunting, which in the case of Mr. Smith produced excellent results. A few lines further on Nimrod writes: "Foxes holloed away and ridden after in this manner are very apt to run short," and then he goes on to demonstrate the good that is to be derived from quite another style of pursuing the fox. For he relates that when he was hunting with Lord Kinross in Scotland, the latter had the leading hounds stopped when a fox, after running for twenty minutes, broke away from a small covert in which it had sought shelter. The result was that the fox got a clear start, with the body of the pack on his trail, and an excellent run of forty minutes, ending in blood, was enjoyed. When we have two such strikingly opposite systems put before us, and both, moreover, showing excellent issues, it behoves us to enquire into them, and to endeavour to find the meaning of this apparent phenomenon. In the first place, we should say that the solution is to be found in the supposition that all countries cannot be hunted on the same system.

Again, different packs of hounds require to be handled in different ways, whilst the huntsman must rely on his own instinct or on that of his hounds, according to which he can trust the most. Of Mr. Smith it was said that he killed half the foxes and his hounds the other half. In some countries it is impossible for a huntsman to be always with his hounds, owing perhaps to steep hills, unjumpable fences or streams, and to big coverts with few rides in them. It has continually come under the writer's notice, in countries such as these, that hounds hunt closer, work harder, and cast themselves with greater freedom than is the case in more favoured districts. On the other hand, when



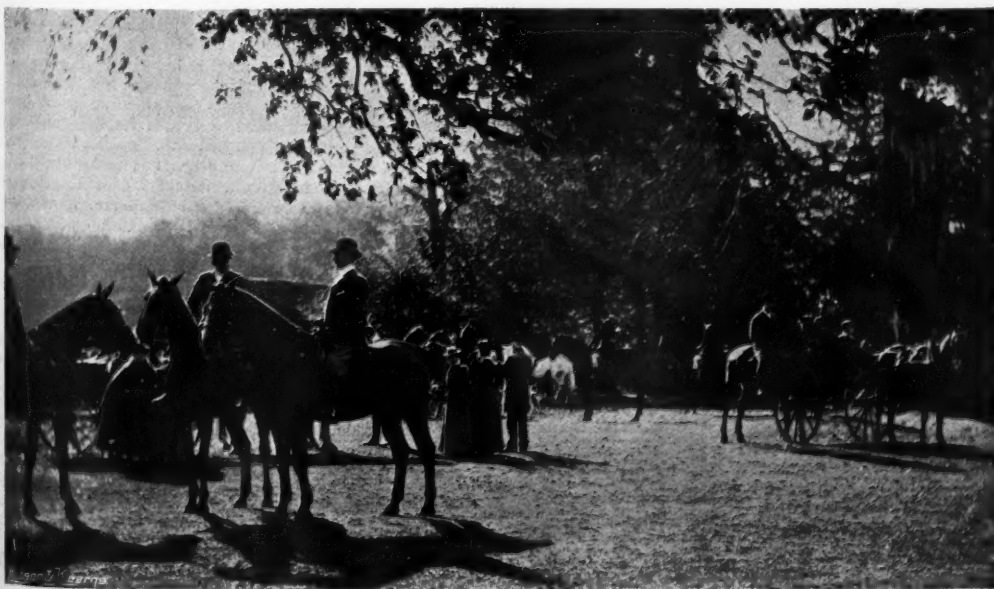
hounds are accustomed to always having their huntsman close at hand, they often will not depend upon themselves at a check, but rather look up to their mentor to know in which direction they are to try. This is more particularly the case when a clever huntsman is at the head of affairs, for they learn to trust him sooner than one another. It is all very well to say that hounds should be given plenty of time, but in a cold-scenting plough country they would in this way never catch their fox, for they would get too far behind him; while in nine cases out of ten a knowing huntsman can make an accurate cast at once, and thereby facilitate matters. There are many things that tell an observant huntsman which way his fox has gone, and in these bad-scenting districts it is only by keeping close to his fox that he can hope eventually to bring him to hand.

When a fox turns at right angles, it is of no use for the huntsman to take hounds where he thinks that event happened, for by the time he gets there the scent would be foiled by the horsemen, so he is compelled either to make a very wide and bold cast, or else to lift hounds. Some years ago it was said that a well-known huntsman used to keep galloping and cheering hounds on whether they had a line or not; this he used to do more particularly when he had a good line of country before him. Thus he was able to give some grand gallops to his followers, the majority of whom swore he was the best huntsman they had ever seen. I heard afterwards these hounds were rendered very bad workers by these tactics. This system also makes hounds unreliable, for it encourages them to tell lies, as they are cheered on when they have no line. There is an old axiom which says "Cast forward for a fox and back for a hare," and it often proves correct, and comes to the help of many a dashing huntsman. Some seasons ago I remember going to the meet of a pack which I was only occasionally able to hunt, as their fixtures were, as a rule, some distance away. The huntsman, as he had several strangers out from neighbouring hunts, was particularly anxious to show good sport. Hounds soon found a fox, which they ran at a great pace down to the bank of a river, some three or four miles from the find, where they threw up. The huntsman cast to the left along the bank over an excellent piece of scenting country consisting of grass fields. Although I am convinced that he never had a line, and the same thing was remarked to me by an old hunting man of great experience, he kept cheering on hounds for about two miles, but they never properly owned to it until they came to a piece of bad-scenting land near a favourite covert, into which the fox had evidently gone. Valour sometimes produces better results than discretion, at any rate in the hunting-field.

J. T. Newman.

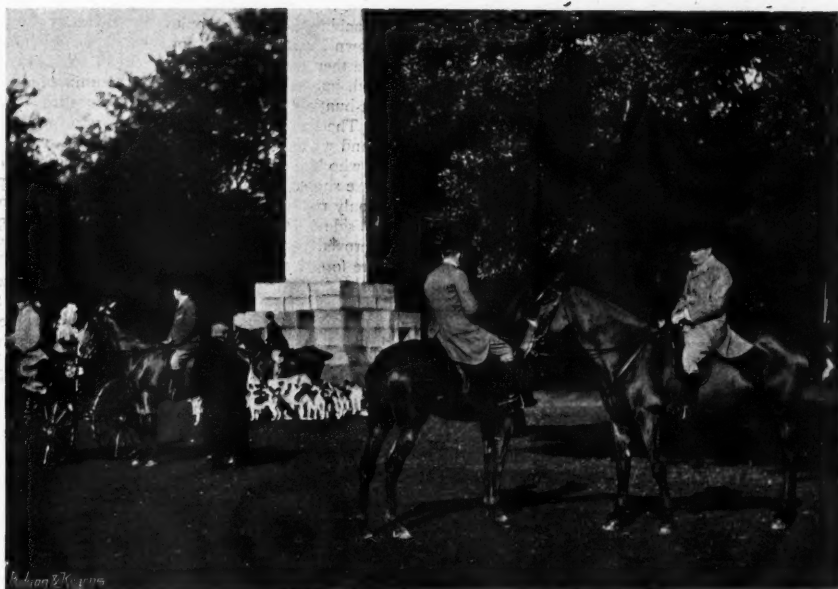


BEFORE attacking the real business of fox-hunting, it may be well to introduce two vivid and clear illustrations representing the first meet of Lord Rothschild's famous staghounds at Ashridge. The pictures tell their own story of the opening day, and I am sure all readers will join in wishing a merry season to the useful pack which show warrantable sport in the Vale of Aylesbury. The Belvoir began their regular season at Leadenham, and had a fair



J. T. Newman.

THE OPENING MEET



LORD ROTHSCHILD STAGHOUNDS.

Berkhams'ed.

day, on November 1st, but, of course, Croxton Park was looked forward to as being the opening day on the more fashionable side of the country. A worse or more uncomfortable day it would be difficult to experience, so far as the weather was concerned. The wind and rain together made the chance of a brougham to the meet a welcome one. At the well-known fixture scarcely twenty people were gathered to meet Sir Gilbert Greenall and his hounds. Two carriages from the Castle, Lord Robert Manners, Captain Pechell, Mr. Tom Drybrough, and a few others were all that were to be seen, and as soon as hounds came they were at once taken to Bescaby Oaks. Captain and Mrs. W. Lawson, Mr. Hugh Owen, and Mr. Darlacher joined us in the wood, the shelter of which was welcome as a refuge from a tearing gale. Inside, however, it was fairly sheltered, and hounds soon found a cub, which after a few rings round the covert was killed. While the pack were in the very act of breaking him up, another fox jumped up in their midst and raced away with a couple and a-half at his brush. So close were hounds to him that he would not venture to stay; but once outside there was no scent to speak of, and after about half-an-hour it was decided to leave him. We then trotted off to Sproxton Thorns, in which there were two foxes. One broke at once and went boldly across the field, and then, not liking the look of the weather, came back right under the huntsman's horse into the covert. The other fox was bolder, and a little after one o'clock broke away on the Coston side. Now it is well known that hounds never can run immediately round Sproxton Thorns, and it was not till Capell had cast forward on to better soil that they really seemed able to acknowledge the line; then they ran down wind fairly for a few minutes, and then this fox too was lost. There was better luck with the next fox, which went away from a small covert, the name of which is unknown to me, and ran rather well over a country where the light soil seemed to carry a scent, and the small fences gave us all a chance to ride the line. This fox too was lost at last. He probably went to ground in Coston, and the day's sport was over. It was poor for a Croxton Park day, but better than might have been expected from a rainy day, which is as bad for hunting as it is unpleasant to be out in. The Quorn are still nominally cul-hunting, and on Friday were at John o' Gaum. When I have told that there were four foxes, I have said all that could be said of the sport of the morning, but an afternoon fox from the Coplow gave quite a nice little gallop by Quenby.

A poor day finished up the week at Allington with the Belvoir, and on the whole it was perhaps more satisfactory to witness than to write about. Various rumours are afloat about the hunting of the Quorn. Some people say Tom Firr will be out again in a week, others that F. Gellard is to hunt hounds for a time, and this would perhaps be a satisfactory arrangement. In the meantime, the Quorn first whipper-in is doing some good work. Melton is filling up fast, and, given tolerable weather, Kirby Gate will not fall short of previous years. There seems some doubt as to whether the Quorn mean to continue this year the capping system in vogue last season. At all events, no formal notice has appeared as yet.

That cynical old saying that there is never a rose without a thorn often proves true in the hunting-field, and such was the case on Friday, when the Southdown met for cub-hunting at Newtimber Wood. For though the morning was as perfect as one could desire, the scent was of the most moderate description, which perhaps may be put down to a disturbed state of the atmosphere owing to the recent heavy gales. No very long draw sufficed to show that there was a capital supply of foxes in Mr. Gordon's good covert, and hounds

Berkhams'ed.

were soon making merry over them. Presently a cub broke away on the south side of the wood, and took a line for the Downs; on reaching the top he would go no further, and the pack, after hunting him up and down Newtimber Holt for some little time, eventually marked him to ground. We then trotted off to the covert near Poynings, which we also found well foxed, but, owing to a lack of scent, some few minutes were occupied in covert-hunting before hounds succeeded in finally forcing their quarry into the open. The line at first took us dangerously near the dense thickets of Shave's Wood, and when our fox swung to the left, into the more open country, we felt like men who had obtained a new lease of life. If the pace had only been a little faster, we should probably have enjoyed a brilliant gallop, but, as it was, hounds could only run slowly over that nice piece of country which is to be found on the north side of Perching Wood. In this covert our fox sought shelter, and his ejection proved to be a matter of some difficulty. Soon after he broke cover hounds were forced to acknowledge defeat, owing to the inferiority of the scent. X.

## ON THE GREEN.

A SCHEME is on foot for what is to be called a Golf Exhibition, in connection with the great exhibition which it is proposed to hold in Glasgow in 1900. The object of the exhibition would be "to gather together everything that might throw light on the origin and history of the game." It is very true that there are many dark points that are in need of illumination in the history of the Royal and Ancient game. We do not so much as know its veritable origin, whether it is indigenously Scotch, or came over the sea from Holland. At the same time it is more than doubtful whether the objects exhibited could be of very varied interest. A few old clubs and feather balls, perhaps an old picture or two, and some of the old trophies, might be comprised, but these do not constitute a very extensive "show." Still the project is of undoubted interest. Its originator, we understand, is the Rev. John Kerr, of Dirleton, a well-known writer on golf, who lately gave us the fine "Golf Book of East Lothian."

Several records have been lowered within the last week or two. J. H. Taylor, on the picturesque course at Windermere, was round in a score of 67, playing with Mr. G. Briggs, the club's hon. secretary. Previously the record was 68, at which both Vardon and Braid had holed the round. The course was at its full length on the occasion both of Taylor's and of the previous records. At the Kemp Town course at Brighton H. Harris scored a new record, in a match with Mr. J. T. Tarver. Here, too, the course was at its longest, but Harris holed out in 75, thus making the new record. Another item of interest is that Dr. George Ackroyd, playing with Mr. S. Fisher, holed the seventh hole at Tooting Bec, over the pond, in a single stroke. The distance is about 150 yds., so there is nothing to suggest that the stroke deserved the "horrid epithet phenomenal," nor do we know whether it makes a new record for the hole. But it is fairly safe to say that the hole has never been done in less.

Major Baxter was in very good form at the Littlestone Club's autumn meeting, and his scratch score of 88 tied with Mr. Rawson's return for the best gross. With handicap of six strokes, he was easily best on the nett returns; and, indeed, a gross score of 88 on that long course is rather too low for a man who receives six strokes. Perhaps it would be more just to say that six strokes in the handicap are too many for a man who can go round in 88 gross. Mr. J. H. Hedderwick won the prize for the aggregate best at the three meetings of the year, with a 94 and two 86's.

The recent rains, coming after the long drought, have sent up a fresh growth of grass on most of our courses, and put them all in fine order again. On the whole, in spite of the long spell of dry weather, the greens have been good throughout the year, for the late and wet spring gave them a good covering of turf which lasted well through the drought. Golfers have had little cause to complain of the clerk of the weather in this year of grace, though he has treated other country interests rather hardly.

Bogey, in the midst of the rain and wind storms of the early days of November, was an invincibly good player. At the meeting of the Worcestershire Club the Rev. H. Foster, though winning both scratch and handicap medals with a gross score of 82, was no better than three down to the Bogey score. Nevertheless this was the best return against Bogey also. At the Finchley Club, however, Bogey suffered a very heavy defeat at the hands of Mr. Cuthbert Smith, who came in no less than four up; but he was far away ahead of all the rest of the field, two players tying for second place at four holes down. Surely there was something queer about the handicapping here, or else Mr. Smith must have been playing a very unusually good game.

Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville won the autumn medal of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers with a good return of 82 on the Muirfield course, Mr. J. Oswald and Mr. F. Kinloch tying for second at 84. Mr. J. E. Laidlay, so frequently a medal winner of the Honourable Company, was not in the field.



MR. PUREFOY'S letter in the *Sportsman* on the way in which his horses were delayed in their journey to Lingfield by the L.B. and S.C. Railway officials opens up a question which has never yet received the attention it deserves in this country. A considerable proportion of the profits of most railway companies is made out of racing, and yet so far from helping the sport which does so much for them, the South Country lines, at any rate, are usually as obstructive as they can well make themselves. There is no greater offender in this respect than the line in question, and I could tell many stories of the apparently intentional negligence of the servants of this company which would far exceed Mr. Purefoy's unfortunate experience.

Another matter for which railway companies deserve the gravest censure is the disgraceful state in which they keep their horse-boxes. The majority of cases of influenza and fever among horses are contracted in this way. Railway directors may not be aware of the fact, but there is an Act by which they can be compelled to clean, fumigate, and disinfect their horse-boxes, and it is satisfactory to know that the Board of Agriculture at last propose to move in the matter. Again, this is the only country in the world, that I know of, in which horses going to run

at race-meetings are not carried at reduced fares, and this is a point to which the Jockey Club might well give their attention. There should also be some penalty incurred by a company which deliberately break faith with the public. I remember a case in which a South Country line advertised that a fast special train would return to London immediately after the last race at a South Coast meeting. It happened to be a Bank Holiday, and so this "fast special train" was stopped at every wayside station to pick up holiday-makers. Naturally those wishing to go through London missed their trains out, and were kept there all night. It is probably quite hopeless expecting the House of Commons to take any steps towards putting an end to the overbearing and dishonest attitude of railway companies towards the public, there are too many holders of railway stock among its members, but it is at least to be hoped that the Board of Agriculture will compel them to obey the existing law, and to stop poisoning horses; whilst in connection with race-meetings and the carriage of race-horses and racing servants the Jockey Club might do much to bring them to their senses, the Southern companies especially. The directors of several English railways I could name might with great advantage be sent to France to learn how these things are managed there.

I have just been talking to a well-known racing man from Australia, who backed Nunsuch for this year's Cambridgeshire, and had the pleasure of seeing her left at the post. His remarks as to the conduct of the Jockey Club in not compelling the use of the starting gate were hardly complimentary to the common-sense of that august body. Their neglect of this most obviously necessary reform is rendered all the more absurd by the position which they are taking up with regard to long and short distance races. Long-distance races do no more to improve the breed than those over short courses—perhaps not so much—though as they are far more interesting to watch, it is as well to have plenty of them. At the same time, if we want longer races for old horses we should certainly have shorter races for young ones. There is nothing which so spoils two year olds, and thereby injures the breed at large, as being raced too early and too far. The only objection to half-mile races for two year olds is the starting difficulty, and that would cease to exist with the introduction of the "gate." It therefore follows that if once that were adopted there would be no longer any argument against running two year olds over four furlongs, whilst every practical horse-master must know the improvement it would effect in the general body of our baby thorough-breds if those of them whose immature powers are unduly taxed—as is so often the case—to get home over that last furlong were to be no longer asked to do so. The forcing, straining, and over-racing of yearlings and two year olds is the curse of racing, and does more harm to the breed than all other abuses put together; and, as Lord Stanley is honestly endeavouring to limit this abuse, he deserves the thanks and support of everyone who has the welfare of our thorough-breds at heart. The pity is that he seems to be alone—so far as the Jockey Club are concerned—in his ideas, and that his eminently practical and common-sense proposals have not as yet been supported to the extent which they should have been by the other members of the club.

Readers of these notes may remember that I have always expressed a high opinion of the two year old Le Blizon, by Xaintrailles—Sunny Queen, who won the Glasgow Stakes at Newmarket in fine style. For that victory he had to carry a 7lb. penalty in the Country Maiden Plate at Lingfield three days afterwards. He nevertheless started a hot favourite, and, running his race out in good style, beat Dolman by a neck, with St. Evox third. Barring a somewhat soft-looking head, this is a good-looking colt, and with ordinary luck he will probably make a useful three year old. Quite a champion among timber-toppers is Mr. Straker's Stop, and he has begun the new season well by winning the Cheveley Handicap Hurdle Race at Birmingham. On the same afternoon the useful No took the King's Norton Steeplechase. They neither of them had much to beat, and it is a bit early as yet to take much interest in jumpers.

The only two British representatives in the Prix du Jubile, at Auteuil, were Cathal and Breemount's Pride, and they both ran badly. The latter looked well, but there is a reason why I had strong doubts about his staying four miles and a-half, whilst Mr. Ward's horse took too many liberties with his fences to have a winning chance. The truth is that French steeplechase form is a long way in front of ours. In my opinion, and that of most men who have had the opportunity of judging, racing is better managed all round in France than it is in this country, and especially does this apply to National Hunt sport. For one thing better prizes are offered, consequently better horses are put to the game, and the sport benefits all round.

There was an interesting race for the Park Plate on the second day of Lingfield, and although Bridegroom was naturally expected to beat the improved Trevor at 3lb., few people could have looked to see him howled over by the three year old Gerolstein, who won quite easily at the finish, Trevor being third, and Spook fourth.

The principal features of Friday's racing at Lewes were the easy defeat of Northallerton in the Southdown Welter Handicap and the third consecutive victory of Le Blizon in the Lewes Nursery. In the last-named event Mr. Bottomley's good-looking son of Xaintrailles carried 8st. 9lb., and won by a head from Biddo, to whom he was giving 17lb., with Sweet Annette (7st. 2lb.) third. He is evidently a very speedy colt, and one that looks like coming on. Northallerton was made an odds-on favourite for the Welter Handicap, but he never looked like winning, and was beaten both by Sam and Loreto, to whom he was conceding 25lb. and 30lb. respectively. At Gatwick, on Saturday, Sam, St. Ia, Rimpion, and Dancing Wave all went down before Sherburn, by Sheen—Primrose Day, in the Oval Handicap of two miles, and it would certainly be an odd thing if this three year old son of two Cesarewitch winners could not stay. The good-looking Silver Fox walked over for the Horseshoe Plate, and brought a good day's racing to a conclusion.

A mixed programme of flat-racing and jumping is producing plenty of interest at Liverpool as I write these notes, and the two best days are not unlikely to be the last two. On Friday there will be the Downe Nursery, the winner of which will take some finding, and the Liverpool Autumn Cup, in which Goletta's class looks almost bound to pull her through. I also have a fancy that the three year old Alt Mark, with only 6st. 12lb., may prove dangerous. On Saturday another National Hunt season will make a real start with the Liverpool November Hurdle Handicap and the Valentine Steeplechase. It is little or no use trying to pick winners of jumping events as yet, since it is impossible to know what is fit and what is not. We saw Stop win a hurdle race the other day, but a 10lb. penalty may stop him at Aintree, and I would rather trust Irish Girl, whom I believe to be pretty forward in condition. For the cross-country event I should fancy The Panther, if I knew him to be ready, but it must not be forgotten that No has won twice of late, so that he is probably a bit fitter than most of his opponents will be.

OUTPOST.